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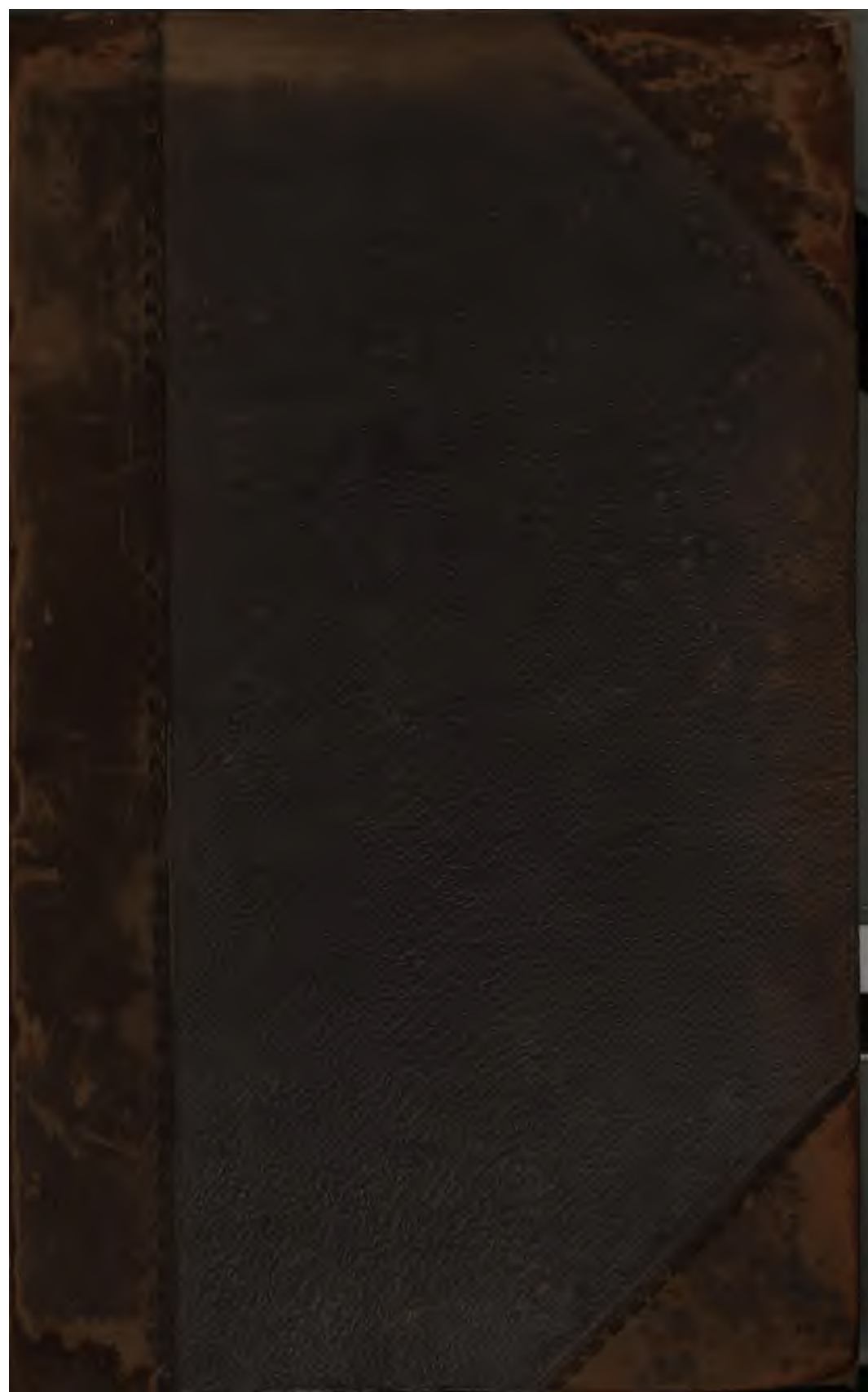
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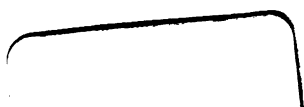




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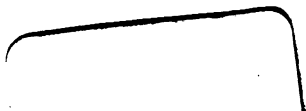




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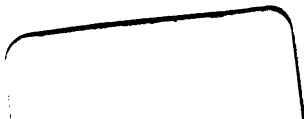




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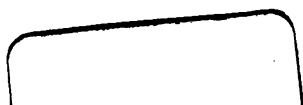




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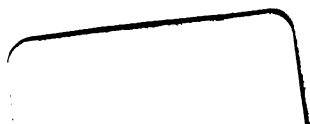




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THE
PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS,
AND THE
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.

THE
PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS,
AND THE
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

WITH NOTES,
INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE TYPICAL CHARACTER OF
THE FORMER.

ALSO,
A FEW ORIGINAL POEMS.



BY GEORGE CROKER FOX, ESQ.

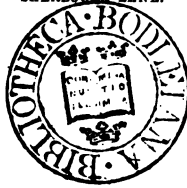
QUOD SOPHOCLES, ET THESPIA, ET ÆSCHYLUS UTILE FERRENT.

LONDON:
DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

MDCCCXXXV.

530.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH RICKERBY,
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P R E F A C E.

To render the meaning, and to preserve the spirit, of the Grecian drama in English verse, is a task of acknowledged difficulty. Had I not been encouraged by the opinion of a friend accomplished in the higher classics, I should hardly have submitted my attempt to the ordeal of the press. Lest the partiality of his regard should have biassed his judgment, I withhold his name; but if his kindly feelings have not led him into error, and if only a small portion of the praise which he has bestowed be justly mine, the '*limæ labor*' and the numerous hours, (rather of the blushing morn than the pale

midnight,) which have been devoted to the composition, will scarcely be a matter of regret.

The observations appended to the Prometheus, with a view to exhibit the typical features of that poem, are partly borrowed. The traditions of mythology, however obscured by time and circumstances, may often be traced to a purer source; and it is evident that a Saviour was prefigured in the character of Hercules, especially in the anachronisms of his history.

In reference to my translations I must add, that I have not endeavoured to assimilate my measures to those of the Grecian chorus, having rather adopted such as seemed to afford me most facility in conveying the sense, and giving force to the epithets of the dramatist.

Were I disposed to apologize for having chosen the subjects of some of my poems from Homer, I might plead, in extenuation of my offence, the example of antiquity, and the rule of the poetical lawgiver ; but I will content myself with encountering the charge of plagiarism by a candid admission that I have, here and there in the Achilles, freely translated passages of the poet.

If in the present age of political and scientific excitement it no longer appear to be true,

——— che la corre il mondo ove piu versi
Di sue dolcezze il lusinghier Parnasso ;

and if the laurel crown wax sere on the temples of the mightiest, I must be satisfied, with many humble individuals like myself, to imbibe delight, (which surpasses consolation,) at the fountain Hippocrene.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRENGTH.

FORCE.

VULCAN.

PROMETHEUS.

CHORUS.

OCEANUS.

Io.

HERMES.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

STRENGTH, FORCE, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS. (*a*)

STRENGTH. Arrived we are at the earth's verge
remote,

This Scythian tract, this wilderness forlorn.

Vulcan, to execute thy sire's command

The task is thine, with adamantine chains

Indissolubly linked, fast binding here,

Upon this mountain's rocky precipice,

The criminal who stole thy beauteous gift,

The splendid light of all-performing fire,

And gave the boon to man ! Insulted Heaven

Exacts just retribution, which the guilty

Must now submit to pay : thus due respect
 For Jove's supremacy he shall be taught,
 Abandoning his charity towards men.

VUL. Ye, Strength and Force, the precept and
 desire

Of Jove obey without compunction ; I
 Firmness have not, on this bleak, wintry crag,
 To bind, with violence, a cognate god :
 Yet stern necessity forbids to quail :
 To trifle with my sire were perilous.
 O thou of Themis, excellent in wisdom,
 The highly-gifted offspring, I must rivet
 Unwillingly thy frame, not less reluctant,
 Upon this unfrequented summit, where
 To voice of man thou shalt not listen, nor
 Behold the human form ; but still consumed
 By Sol's immitigable fire, shalt change
 Thy delicate complexion. Night, her robe
 Varied with stars, shall interpose to hide
 His burning orb :—again Apollo's beam
 Shall dissipate the rime of morn, desired
 By thee not less. Thus ever shall afflict thee
 The burden of existent ill, because

As yet the alleviator is unborn,
 The wrath of gods defying, though a god,
 And man unduly honouring, this reward
 Of thy mood philanthropic, hast thou won :
 Therefore a sentinel, on this drear rock,
 Sleepless, erect, without the power to bend
 Thy weary knee for rest, thou shalt give utterance
 To many a lamentation, with vain lip:
 For Jove is of inexorable mind,
 And like all novel tyrants rules severely.

STRENGTH. Enough. Say, wherefore vainly
 pitying thus
 Dost thou delay? The god to gods most hateful
 Abhorr'st thou not?—him who conferred on man
 Thine attribute of fire?

VUL. I venerate
 Our common birth and friendly intercourse.

STRENGTH. These claims admitted, were it right
 and safe
 To disregard the mandate of thy sire?
 Dread'st thou not rather such neglect?

VUL. Thou art
 Of an inhuman and ferocious nature,

STRENGTH. To him thy grief affords no remedy ;

Dismiss thou, then, such unavailing care !

VUL. Oh, skill of hands most odious !

STRENGTH. Wherefore hate it ?

Thy craft in sooth is guiltless of these evils.

VUL. Yet would I that another artist might
Its uses exercise.

STRENGTH. The gods possess
All blessings, save supreme command ; for Jove
And only Jove is free.

VUL. Against this truth,
By me admitted fully, I have nought
To urge in contradiction.

STRENGTH. Wilt not thou
Therefore proceed to cast thy gyves around him,
Lest thy revengeful sire view thee reluctant ?

VUL. Behold, the fetters are prepared !

STRENGTH. Around
The offender's wrists rivet thy bands, and then
Fasten upon these rocks.

VUL. Without delay,
Lo is that task accomplished !

STRENGTH. Closer yet
Impelling with thy hammer's weight, constrain.—
Where hope appears not, he can find resources.

VUL. This arm inextricably is shackled.

STRENGTH. Now
Securely fix the other. Although crafty,
Thus shall Prometheus know his own device
How poor compared with Jove's.

VUL. Except himself
None may with justice blame my work.

STRENGTH. Now drive
Unsparingly thy adamantine wedge
His bosom through, and fix it to the rock !

VUL. Alas, alas, Prometheus ! for thy sorrows
I deeply mourn.

STRENGTH. Thus tardy in obedience !
If thou procrastinate, indulging grief
For th' enemies of Jove, thou mayst have reason
Thine own woes to lament.

VUL. Thou view'st a sight
Not without pain to be beheld.

STRENGTH. I see
A criminal enduring chastisement

Right well deserved—no more : his ribs around
Cast thy firm belt !

VUL. Necessity imposes
Compliance in these matters : do not thou
Too fiercely urge !

STRENGTH. Urge thee I will again
Most strenuously to thy reluctant task :
Descend, and with main force his legs confine !

VUL. 'Tis done without much toil.

STRENGTH. With blows renewed
Firmly each rivet of his gyves secure ;
Because severe, uncompromising Jove
Exacts a full compliance.

VUL. Thy rude tongue
Utters opinions suited to thy form.

STRENGTH. Yield thou to soft compassion, but
 refrain
From taunting me with my inflexible
Severity of temper !

VUL. Let us go,
Since all his limbs are bound indissolubly !

STRENGTH. There, now, contemptuous rage,
 and spoiling heaven

Of its possessions, on man's short lived race
 Confer the ravished boon.—Are mortals able
 A single pang to cancel of thy woes ?
 The powers erroneously name thee Prometheus,
 For thou requirest a Prometheus now,
 Whose sapience can inform thee by what art
 Thou mayst be extricated from this chance.

PROMETHEUS, *solus*.

Ether divine, and ye swift-winged blasts,
 Ye river-fountains, and thou ceaseless laughter
 Of Ocean's billowy flood, Earth, general parent,
 And thou, th' all-seeing orb of Sol—I call ye !
 Behold what evil by the gods inflicted,
 What contumely, what degrading woe,
 A god, like them, I suffer ! Look on me !
 Through many an age endurance I must know,
 For heaven's new chief hath framed these bonds
 unworthy.
 Alas ! th' existent evil, and no less
 The future mischief, burdens me. I sigh
 For both.—What prospect have I of redress ?
 When will the end of this my woe draw nigh ?

Wherefore despond I thus? My prescient thought
 Clearly anticipates events.—No evil
 Shall find me not prepared, or unadvised.
 With such a store of patience as command
 I may, fate's ordinance must be endured,
 For I admit Necessity's stern power
 To be restless; but my extreme fortunes
 I cannot bear in silence, nor can utter
 The indignant sorrows of my heart. A boon
 I gave to mortals, therefore wretchedly
 Am robed to these necessities—conveyed
 Within a reed the furtive source of fire,
 That gift of prime utility, revealer
 Of every human art, I bore to them
 With surreptitious hand! Nailed to the rock
 Beneath th' inclement sky, for that offence
 These painful fetters I am doomed to bear.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS.

PRO. Ah, ah! oh, oh! what sounds re-echoing
strike

Mine ear? What odour steals upon my sense
From those whom I behold not, whether like
Most to divine or human, or mixed essence?
Who comes my woes to view? Can aught else
urge

To visit this bleak crag, on Terra's utmost verge?
Behold me bound, because too charitable (b)

I was to man, hated likewise by Jove!
And, though of race divine, yet miserable,
And scorned by those who tread the courts
above.

But, ah, what movement strange, of feathered life
Perceive I now? Th' air with light pinions rife
Responsive to their impulse yields.—Whate'er
Approacheth, in my bosom causeth fear.

CHO. Prometheus, fear thou not ! A friendly
train,

On eager pinions borne, in rapid flight,
(Consent paternal it was hard to gain,)

The winds have wafted to this mountain height.
For echo to my caverned dwelling brought

The sound of ringing steel impelled with force,
And banished coy reserve.—My car I sought,
Unsanclled, hither flew with winged course.

PRO. Offspring of teeming Tethys and a sire,
Whose restless flood embraceth earth around,
See me condemned, a charge beyond desire,
To watch, upon this crag's rude summit bound.

CHO. Prometheus, I behold—and weep for thee
Until a cloud of grief obscures my sight,
Sorrowing, that thy dishonoured form should be
Thus scorched upon this rock, with woes be-
dight

Inextricable.—Rulers new preside :
Heaven's wayward king puts ancient laws
aside.

PRO. Had he dismissed me to the realm profound
 Of Tartarus, earth's surface far below,
 Where Hades waits the dead, and left there bound,
 In gyves indissoluble, 'twere less woe ;
 For neither god nor other being might
 In my affliction, then, have felt delight :
 Now, sport of every wind, my sad estate
 Wakes the contemptuous smile of bitter hate.

CHO. Is there a god, so obdurate of heart,
 As joyfully thy suffering to behold ?
 Can any view thy wrongs without the smart
 Of sympathy, save Jove, the uncontrolled,
 The inflexible of mind, who sternly reigns,
 And rules the race celestial, nor will rest
 From tyranny, while a desire remains
 Of power supreme in his insatiate breast,
 Or till, with perilous emprise, some hand
 Grasp the proud sceptre of his high command ?

PRO. Albeit thus fettered, thus dishonoured now
 I suffer, yielding to necessity,
 The ruler of the gods shall learn to bow,
 And suppliant ask it as a boon from me,

That I should destiny's new law explain,
 And show by whom, of sceptre and of power,
 The tyrant shall despoiled be : in vain
 His tongue shall strive to win me in that hour,
 Although the melting numbers sweetly fall
 Upon mine ear unmoved : let him essay
 To menace—for his threats shall not appal
 My soul, or aught induce my lips to say
 That might the secret he desires betray,
 Until he free me from these bonds of pain,
 Until he willing prove, without delay,
 Of this disgrace to wipe away the stain,
 And make me just amends for every galling chain.

Cно. Thine all-enduring spirit nothing quails
 At bitter agony ; thy language free
 Proclaims thine untamed thought ; but dread assails
 And harasses mine inmost soul for thee
 And for thy fortunes.—In what port at last,
 Safe moored, shalt thou behold thy suffering
 past ?
 The son of Saturn hath a soul severe,
 Manners that are inflexible, a heart
 That to persuasion yields no ready ear.

PRO. Making his will the law, a tyrant's part
 I know that Jove affects. Yet shows my lore
 He shall th' imperious, haughty mood give o'er,
 When the doom'd hour arrives, and quite subdued
 By fear, abandoning his pride of mind,
 Gladly behold our amity renewed,
 Nor me regardless of his friendship find.

CHO. The mystery revealing to our ears
 Declare, for what offence committed, Jove
 Thus cruelly and contumeliously
 Dishonours thee :—this knowledge to thy friends
 Impart, if seeking it we wound thee not.

PRO. These topics are of painful interest
 To speak on ;—'tis as painful not to speak.
 Do what I may, my lot is miserable.
 Soon as in mutual wrath the gods arose, (c)
 And civil war began, (one party willing
 To banish Saturn from his ancient throne,
 That Jove might reign ; and their opponents being
 Determined resolutely to prevent
 Jove from assuming empire o'er the gods,)
 Adopting prudent counsel, I endeavour'd,
 Vainly endeavour'd, to persuade the Titans,

Offspring of heaven and earth, whose haughty
spirits

Contemned the cautious rules of policy,
Deeming they might prevail by force alone.
My mother, Themis, often had foretold,* (*d*)
Prophetically, to me the future; showing
That those who sought to gain supremacy,
Must work by stratagem, not violence:
But they, when I attempted, would not deign
To yield attention—therefore it appeared
To be my safest course, with aid maternal
Joining the cause of Jove, to stand prepared
A welcome and a voluntary friend.
By my advice, the gulf, black as profound,
Of Tartarus, conceals the ancient-born

* I have omitted, as spurious and unworthy of the poet,

‘ *Καὶ Γαῖα, πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία.*’

Γαῖα being frequently synonymous with *Εστία* and *Δημήτηρ*, but never with *Θέμις*, whom Æschylus in the *Eumenides* distinguishes from Γαῖα, and calls her daughter. See the Dissertation of Schutz, in *Pro-metheum Vincitum*.

Saturn and his confederates. Thus advantaged
 By me, the ruler of the gods repays
 My service with this evil recompence ;
 Distrust of friends being th' inherent mischief
 Of all tyrannic sway. For what offence
 He now dishonours me, these lips will show,
 Yielding to your request. With haste he seized
 His throne paternal, and with eager care,
 On various powers their various dignities
 Conferring, ordered his new government ;
 But towards unhappy mortals no regard (*e*)
 Evinced, and rather to destruction doomed
 The universal race, bent to create
 Another. None presumed to contravene
 Save me ! I boldly dared, and mankind from
 Ruin and Hades rescued. Therefore now
 Bowed down beneath the weight of these inflictions,
 Dreadful to feel and piteous to behold,
 I am for my humanity regarded
 Unworthy of compassion ; and thus suffering
 Become a spectacle that Jove dishonours.
 СНО. Prometheus, out of the hard flint created

And of an iron mind I deem the wretch
 Who sheds no sympathizing tear, beholding
 Thy dread affliction, which I never thought
 To witness, and now viewing deeply grieve.

PRO. I am a sight of misery, indeed,
 To those who are my friends.

CHO. In no respect,
 Hast thou exceeded this offence?

PRO. I rescued
 Man from anticipation of his fate. (*f*)

CHO. Finding what remedy for this disorder?

PRO. I planted in his bosom hopes obscure.

CHO. Vast was the gift conferred.

PRO. To him moreover
 I gave the use of fire.

CHO. And now does man, (*g*)
 Ephemeral man, possess of fire resplendent
 The dazzling sign?

PRO. He doth; and with its aid
 Shall numerous arts and sciences discover.

CHO. And for such crimes as these does
 Jupiter

This chastisement inflicting, not relent ;
And hath thy misery no predestined term ?

PRO. None other than may suit his will
supreme.

CHO. When shall his will consent ? What
hope remains ?

Perceiv'st thou not how widely thou hast erred ? (h)
To say that thou hast erred delights me not,
And serves but to enhance thy suffering.
Let us avoid this topic, and find thou
Deliverance from thy woes, if there be means !

PRO. Facile the task for one whose foot moves
freely,

Remote from peril of the slough, to counsel
And to admonish him who still toils on
Laboriously. All that thou say'st I know,
For wilfully, right wilfully I sinned : (i)
This I will not deny. Aiding mankind,
I made calamity mine own ; yet deemed not
That it would be my fate, with such dire torture,
Upon this rocky summit, and amidst
This unfrequented wilderness, to suffer

Emaciation. But cease ye to mourn
 For my calamity, and on firm ground
 Alighting, listen while my lips reveal
 Coming events ; thus may ye learn the whole !
 I earnestly entreat, your sympathy
 Accord to him who now endures ! Misfortune
 Thus ever vagrantly attacks some victim.

CHO. Prometheus, not to inattentive ears
 Hast thou complained ! And, therefore, on light
 foot

I quit my rapid car, and ether bland,
 Th' element of birds, descending here
 On this inhospitable shore ; and now
 Thy woes am patiently prepared to hear.

PROMETHEUS, OCEANUS, CHORUS.

OCEA. Guiding this winged creature without
 reins,
 By th' intelligence of mind, to thee I come,

Prometheus, having traversed a vast space.
 Know, that in these thy griefs I sympathize ;
 For so, methinks, our common origin
 Demandeth : and if no affinity
 Existed, I more gladly would confer
 Mine aid on none than thee : and thou shalt learn
 That these my words are true, and that in me
 It is not, with delusive blandishment
 Of tongue, to flatter.—Show in what respect
 I can assist, and thou shalt not maintain
 Thou hast a friend more faithful than Oceanus !

PRO. Thy coming, how unlooked for ! Art thou
 here (*j*)

Arrived to be spectator of my woes ?
 And hast thou summoned courage to desert
 Thy flood cognominal, and rock-roofed caves,
 Fashioned by nature's hand, and to attain
 These iron-yielding hills ? Perhaps thou comest
 My miseries to behold, to show that thou
 Canst sympathize with me in this affliction ?
 Regard a wonder, view the friend of Jove, (*k*)
 Who aided to establish his dominion,
 Tortured by him—see what I now endure !

OCEA. Prometheus I behold ; and albeit thou
 Art subtle : to adopt the wiser course
 I would persuade thee. Know thyself ; exchange (*d*)
 For new thy ancient manners ; since in heaven
 Reigns a new monarch. Persevering thus
 To taunt him with fierce terms of enmity,
 Thee, if Jove hear on his celestial throne,
 His present wrath shall seem an infant's play
 With added chastisement compared.—Dismiss,
 Oh wretched being, all thy pride of heart,
 And seek a mitigation of thy woe !
 My arguments perchance seem obsolete ;
 Yet of a too licentious, vaunting tongue,
 Prometheus ! such as thine, are the rewards.
 By suffering uncontrolled thy haughty spirit
 Yields not, but seeks new miseries to find,
 That shall augment the burden of thy woes.
 If thou wilt take me for instructor, cease
 Vainly to kick against the pricks, beholding
 That a despotic monarch rules above !
 Departing now to extricate thee from
 These sufferings, if I may, I will endeavour :
 Indulging not in too intemperate speech,

Remain thou quietly ! Dost thou not know
 Right well, in wisdom eminently great,
 That evil still pursues the froward tongue ?

PRO. Thrice happy thou ! who daredst participate

In all that I adventured, yet art free
 From accusation. Cease, however, now,
 And these vain cares resign ! For thou wilt not
 With Jove prevail : he is not over facile.
 Be guarded, lest this journey prove thy bane.

OCEA. That thou art far more qualified by
 nature

To instruct thy friends in prudence, than to take
 Sage counsel for thyself, I am convinced ;
 Not by conjecture, but by facts : nor think
 Me from my journey to divert ! I hope,
 Most confidently hope, that Jove will grant
 A boon at my request ; from these dire evils
 Affording thee emancipation.

PRO. Therefore
 I will not cease to praise thy friendly zeal :
 Thou failest not in readiness to serve.
 But toil not ; for in vain, not aiding me,

Must thou endeavour, if resolved to toil ;
 Rather, removed from evil, be thou quiet !
 Nor do I, although miserable, covet
 Participators in affliction. Far
 Be this from me : me, whom my brother's fortunes
 Sufficiently oppress ; my brother Atlas
 Who, in the region of the west, supports
 On weary shoulder an unwieldy burden—
 The pillars of both heaven and earth.—Moreover,
 Beholding, I commiserated too
 That earth-bound tenant of Cilician caves,
 The monstrous hundred-headed Typhon, now (*m*)
 Subdued by force resistless. Once he stood
 In fight against the gods, from his dread jaw
 Breathing destruction, while his eyes flashed far
 Gorgonian terrors, threatening by rude power
 T' o'erthrow the sovereignty of Jove ; but came
 To him the sleepless bolt of Jupiter,
 Descending, breathing flame, which quickly shook
 The boaster from his vain ambitious height,
 And arrogance of mind : deep thunder-stricken,
 Even to his very soul, burnt up he found,
 And utterly consumed, his giant strength.

Now his inert, extended body lies
 Near the contracted sea, beneath the roots
 Of Etna, that incumbent press him down ;
 Upon whose highest summit Vulcan seated
 Strikes the ferruginous, ignited mass,
 Whence fiery rivers bursting shall devour
 The level plains of fruitful Sicily
 With angry devastation.—Though reduced
 To cinders by Jove's lightning, Typhon will
 Vent his o'erboiling wrath in the hot shafts
 Of an insatiate tempest charged with fire.—
 Thou art not inexperienced, canst not need
 Me as a teacher:—save thyself as best
 Thy wisdom may instruct thee. To endure
 My present evil fortunes, until Jove
 Grow lenient, I resolve.

OCEA. Knowest thou not truly
 That of a proud, offended temper, words
 Are the physicians ?

PRO. When, benignly yielding,
 The oppressor ceaseth forcibly to harass
 A mind with indignation swoln.

OCEA. Blam'st thou
If prudence tempers boldness !

PRO. **This I deem**
Superfluous folly, unavailing toil.

OCEA. Be mine that malady: 'tis advantageous
Oft to the wise, not to betray their wisdom !

PRO. The fault thou wouldst avoid shall be
my choice.

OCEA. Thy words dismiss me to my home.

PRO. Lest thou
Sorrowing for me incur his vengeful ire.

OCEA. Mean'st thou of him who lately took
possession

Of heaven's omnipotent throne ?

PRO. I bid thee shun
Cause of offence towards him.

OCEA. I yield, Prometheus,
Admonished by thy suffering, my instructor.

PRO. Depart! begone! Maintain thy present thought.

OCEA. Thou urgest me to go, who am already
Preparing to fly hence: impatiently .

My winged quadruped the level space
 Of ether brushes with his pinion, longing
 In his domestic stall to bend the knee.

CHORUS, PROMETHEUS.

CHO. I groan, Prometheus, for thy misery ;
 And, with its humid flow a stream of tears
 In tenderness distilled from either eye
 My cheek hath moistened. Jupiter appears
 To rule by his own law, inspiring fears ;
 And to chastise the gods who reigned before
 His sway, the weapons of his pride he rears.
 Surrounding regions wofully deplore
 Thy race's honour lost, so dignified of yore.

All who fair Asia's neighbouring seats possess,
 And Colchian virgins, who in battle know
 Not fear, regard in sorrow thy distress,
 And sympathize with thy unequalled woe.

Weep too the Scythian multitudes, that hold
 Earth's utmost verge around the liquid flow
 Of lake Mæotis, and Chalybia bold,*
 Whom precipice-built towers near Caucasus enfold.

Chalybia, whose brave race of war the flower,
 And terrible, with spears acute, in fight
 Fiercely contend. No god, until this hour,
 With such dire adamantine woes bedight,
 Hath ever thus alarmed mine aching sight,
 Except Titanian Atlas—he who groans
 Under the pole celestial, with vast might
 The load sustaining; ocean hoarsely moans,
 Falling with sympathetic murmur on the stones.
 The abyss rebellows with a mournful sound;
 And of infernal Hades, far below
 This earth, the caverns gloomy and profound
 Shake with indignant tremblings; founts that
 flow
 In rivers pure, lament the dismal woe.

* For Arabia I have written Chalybia, following the
 authority of Schutz.

PRO. Deem not that wilful arrogance imposes
 This silence on my lips ; I feel consumed
 My heart, by melancholy thought, beholding
 These fetters contumacious. Did not I,
 And I alone, for these new gods define
 Their dignities and honours ? What is known
 To you already, let me pass untold !
 You must have heard of my offence, committed (n)
 In raising man from former ignorance
 To intellectual character and power.
 And now, without inculpating his race,
 That my intentions were benevolent,
 To show I will enumerate my gifts.
 Who previously beheld, beheld in vain ;
 Hearing they did not hear ; while time rolled on,
 Mingling all things by chance, as oft occurs
 In dreams nocturnal. Nor had men, as yet,
 The use of pleasant residences known,
 Located in Apollo's genial ray,
 And built of well-formed bricks ; nor to convert
 The forest to their purpose skilfully,
 Dwelling, like slender, agile ants, beneath,
 In caves not warmed or lighted by the sun :

Nor had they any sign discriminative
 To indicate the limits that divide
 Winter from flowery spring, and separate
 The spring from fruitful summer ; but performed
 Without reflection every needful act.
 The rising of the stars I taught moreover,
 And showed their setting, hard to be discerned.
 On them the use of numbers—excellent
 Invention !—and the art by which, combined,
 Letters express man's thoughts ; and Memory—
 Of every science great artificer,
 And parent of the Muses—I bestowed.
 I to the yoke and burden first subjected
 The servile animals, that these for man
 Vicarial duties might perform, assisting
 His most laborious efforts : to the chariot
 I led the steed, who joyfully obeys
 The ruling curb, and on the gilded pomp
 Of luxury, in wealth o'ergrown, confers
 Adornment. Me before no artist framed
 That ocean-wanderer, the flax-winged car
 Of mariners. Such vast discoveries I
 Conferred upon the human race, yet am

A miserable being, who no means
 Can sapiently devise of rescue from
 Existent evil. (o)

CHO. Chastisement severe
 Thou hast incurred ; in mental aberration
 Wandering, like some physician without skill,
 And falling sick, from judgment separated,
 Canst not thyself control enough to find
 By what good pharmacy thou mayst be healed.

PRO. The rest of my discourse when thou shalt
 hear,
 Thou shalt yet more admire the arts, the means
 Of life, discovered by my skill ; the chief,
 Soothing medicaments to blend, by which
 All ailments are subdued, untaught before.—
 Whoever, then, with sickness was oppressed,
 Had neither healing potion, drug, nor unguent
 To mitigate his suffering, but expired
 In slow emaciation, from the want
 Of due appliances. My care disposed
 The various modes of sacred augury ;
 From dreams confused, selected such as might
 A vision true compose ; and ominous words

Showed how to interpret, though obscure ; and
taught

What incidents the traveller might regard
Auspicious or adverse. I too defined
The flight of the curved-footed, winged race—
What birds are dexter, which sinister marking,
And what their habits, their antipathies
Reciprocal, their loves, and congregations :
Likewise what smoothness of the viscera
And colour most conciliate the immortals,
Of gall and liver noting well the changes.
With fire I purified the ample chine
And limbs involved with fat. Leading mankind
To a recondite science, I developed
An art obscure before, the signs of flame.
Such were the benefits conferred.—Moreover,
Who dares assert precedence to my claim
Of having bared those treasures, deeply hid
In earth, most advantageous to man's race—
The ores of copper, iron, silver, gold ?
Assuredly not he who would eschew
The title of vain-boaster. In a word,
Learn that all human arts are of Prometheus !

Сно. Who piloteth her bark ?

CHO. Than these is Jupiter less powerful !

Cannot escape.

PRO. Ask no more

CHO. Concealest thou

D 2

Life to extend, through a long course of years,
Indulging steadfast hope it sweet appears ;
’Tis sweet the soul to cherish in delight,
But viewing thee I shudder with affright,
With thrilling terror, of the myriad woes
That now oppress thee, wilful, trembling not
At Jove’s fierce wrath, still pitying human throes.

Since hope of grace is none, what chance remains?

Comes aught of aid from mortals? Look on men,

Their race what imbecility enchains!
How dream-like their exertions! their blind lot

Their birth's necessity! Their finite ken
And feeble counsels never can prevail

Against the order of Jove's rule. Thy pains
Contemplating, Prometheus, I to quail

At his dread power have learned. With glad-
some strains,

Far diverse from my present mournful lay,

Around thy bath and genial couch I sung
To celebrate thy happy nuptial day,

When thou as bride, Hesione the young,
My sister on the father's side, away

Blandly persuading ledd'st, with thy rich pre-
sents gay.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, IO.

IO. What land, what race is this? Whom see I
here (*q*)

In bonds of adamant, to winter's storm
Exposed? For what committed crime dost bear
The chastisement, which thus subdues thy
form?

Alas! alas! to what strange regions bring
Me, miserable, my weary steps to day;
Thus maddened by some Fury's torturing sting?—
Oh from my mind be wafted far away
The image dire of Argus, the earth-born,
That watchful herdsman of ten thousand eyes,
Beholding whom I tremble, all forlorn!
For with his fraudulent vision forth he hies,
And Terra holds him not, e'en when the monster
dies.

But from the shades emerging, wretched me
 The infernal huntsman persecutes, compels
 To measure dreary sands, that bound the sea,
 Although my craving appetite rebels.

Most musical his wax-bound reeds incline
 To rest that bringeth sleep, with drowsy blast :
 Whither, oh whither, say ye powers divine,
 Shall these protracted wanderings lead at last ?
 Offspring of Chronos, wherefore me, profane,
 Thus found and guilty, hast thou yoked to pain,
 And wearied, until misery makes insane ?
 Consume me with thy fire, or bury now
 Under this earth, or to the fangs convey
 Of Ocean's monstrous brood, nor disallow,
 Invidiously, my prayer, worn out to-day
 With toil, to fly from woe I cannot find the way.

CHO. Hear'st thou the plaintive accents of that
 fair,
 Doom'd the curv'd honours of the ox to wear ?
 PRO. Think ye I hear not the sad voice of her,
 The child of Inachus by Juno's rage
 Maddened, because she dared the heart of Jove

With passion to inflame, and now compelled
To tread, with weary steps, a lengthened way ?

Io. Thou, who my sire's name canst pronounce,
 reveal
 Whence this strange knowledge ? Tell me who
 thou art

Thus miserably tortured, that canst feel
 My wretchedness, and named hast the smart
Of that heaven-sent affliction, burning deep
 With its unceasing pang, my wearied soul !
O'ercome by Juno's rage, with frantic leap
 Hither I bound through hunger's dread control.

Ah ! thrice unhappy are they, who endure
 Woes such as these, born under stars malign !
Declare, without reserve, if any cure
 Exist of my disease ; if it be mine
To suffer yet, that suffering let me know ;
 All I am doomed to bear or may decline,
To me, a wretched, wandering maiden show !

PRO. Not with a fabling tongue I will disclose
What thou desir'st to know, but in plain sooth

As it becomes us to address our friends :—
 Prometheus thou beholdest who conferred
 The boon of fire on mortals.

Io. For what crime,
 Wretched Prometheus, thou who art of men
 The general benefactor, endur'st thou
 These sufferings dire ?

Pro. Know thou that I have ceased
 Only of late my torture to lament.

Io. And wilt thou not confer this gift on me ?

Pro. Name it ; thou mayst interrogate me
 freely !

Io. Show me who bound thee to the precipice.

Pro. The hand of Vulcan, but the will of Jove.

Io. In expiation of what deep offence ?

Pro. Wilt thou be satisfied, when I inform
 thee ?

Io. Declare, moreover, when shall come the
 time,

The period of my wanderings.—Wretched me !

Pro. It were to thy advantage not to learn
 Rather than be instructed.

Io. Hide not thou
 What I am doomed to bear !

PRO. The gift conferred
On thee excites not envy's pangs.

IO. Why, then,
Delays thy tongue to speak the whole ?

PRO. It is not
Invidious feeling that withholds my tongue :
Thy spirit to perturb I am reluctant.

IO. Care not for me, beyond my own desire !

PRO. Since know thou wilt, I speak.—Attend
my words !

CHO. Not yet—accord this favour to my suit ?
First we will ask her malady, and hear,
From her own lip, her heart-consuming woes :
Her future toils by thee be named !

PRO. 'Tis thine,
IO, to grant what these request : to these
Especially, who are by ties fraternal
Bound to thy sire.—From sympathizing orbs,
By exposition of our evil fortune,
Urged with persuasive tears and grief, to wring
Responding tears, compensates well the pain.

IO. No reason have I to mistrust your friend-
ship,

Therefore will truly recapitulate
 What you desire to learn, although with shame
 O'erwhelmed I am, confessing whence derived
 Heaven's stormy wrath, and my transmuted form,
 Which render me thus miserable.-- Know
 That, often as I sought repose within
 My virgin chamber, nightly visions came,
 And with bland accents thus addressed mine ear :
 " O, highly-favoured nymph, why, lingering yet,
 Dost thou not grasp th' occasion, in thy power,
 Of a supreme alliance ? Jupiter,
 Inflamed with love towards thee, seeks for thy
 love.

Spurn not the god's affection, but resort
 To the deep valley of the Lernean mead,
 Where thy paternal flocks and herds are kept ;
 So may Jove's satiate eye covet no more !"
 Me, wretched, every night, such dreams possessed :
 I ventured to reveal them to my sire !
 My sire to Delphi and Dodona sent
 A well-attended, sacred embassy,
 Commissioned to inquire, by word or deed,
 How to propitiate the divinities.

The messengers returning brought responses
 Ambiguously obscure, perplexed with terms
 Of hard interpretation. Finally
 A clear command to Inachus was given,
 In peremptory language, to expel
 From my paternal home and native land,
 That, a devoted victim, thus I might
 A wanderer be on earth's remotest shores,
 Unless he willed the flaming bolt of Jove
 Should his whole race consume. Persuaded thus,
 By the forewarning of the Loxian god,
 My sire reluctant from his home expelled
 Me as unwilling, and debarred return :
 For the resistless all-controlling hand
 Of Jove, with ruthless force, compelled my sire
 To do that violent deed. My form and mind (*r*)
 Were changed, as you behold : horned I became,
 And by a maddening stimulus impelled,
 With furious boundings towards Cerchnia's
 stream
 Of water undefiled, and Lerne's height
 I rushed. With frequent eyes my step surveying,
 Argus accompanied, the herdsman born

Of Terra, fervid in his wrath ; him fate,
 Sudden and unexpected, robbed of life.
 I wander still from land to land, compelled
 By fierce celestial wrath, and scathed in mind.
 Thus hast thou heard my sorrows past ; and now
 If thou have future sufferings to reveal,
 Declare them, nor, by pity ruled, attempt
 To soothe me with false words—since I consider
 There is no greater evil than deception.

СНО. 'Ah me ! I deem'd not that such language
 might

These ears attain, or that such woful ill,
 Disgrace, and fear, alarming to the sight
 And hard to be endured, should ever thrill
 My soul with deeply-cutting, icy chill.
 Alas, alas ! resistless power of fate !

I tremble, when beholding Io's state !

PRO. Thou groan'st too soon ; fear-stricken, wait
 awhile,

Until thou learn what yet may be revealed !

СНО. Speak and inform us, for the afflicted like
 Fully to know the measure of their suffering
 Before endurance !

PRO. Won, with trivial aid

From me, th' accomplishment of your desire,
 To learn from her own lips her tale of woe,
 Now hear what further punishment awaits
 Th' unhappy maid, at angry Juno's will !
 Offspring of Inachus, if thou would know
 The termination of thy wanderings, keep
 My sayings in thy memory ! At first,
 Turn towards the rising sun and traverse plains
 That have not felt the plough ; thus shalt thou
 reach

The nomade tribes of Scythia, who, sublime,
 Inhabit wicker dwellings, raised upon
 The rolling wheels of chariots, armed with bows
 Potent to send the feathered shaft afar :—
 Approach not them, but pass their territory
 On the resounding shore, which closely keep !
 The Chalybes upon thy left reside,
 A savage and inhospitable race,
 Who temper the rude iron—these avoid !
 Thus shalt thou reach the stream, not falsely
 named

Hybristes, haughty river ; nor mayst thou

Attempt its tide, that does not easily
 Afford a passage, until at the foot
 Of Caucasus, the highest mountain ridge,
 Thou stand, from whose imposing summit, down
 The river vehemently breathes its rage ;
 Ascending its bare top, that rises high
 In neighbourhood of the stars, thou must attain
 Beyond, a southern path, and gain the land
 Of man-detesting, warlike Amazons,
 Inhabitants of Themiscyra's plain,
 Upon the bank of Thermodon, where opes
 Rude Salmydesia her dread jaws marine,
 Hateful to seamen, with a step-dame's care
 Their shattered barks protecting. Readily
 The Amazons will guide thee on thy way.
 Next the Cimmerian isthmus thou shalt reach,
 And narrowing portals of the ocean-lake :
 Leaving the shore, with resolute heart, thou must
 Pass the Maotic strait, and in the world
 Thy passage shall be celebrated ever,
 And the surname of Bosphorus be given,
 Commemorative of the deed.—Thus quitting
 The plains of Europe, Asia's continent

Thou shalt arrive at.—Doth the tyrant Jove
To you appear in all things violent ?
Since, coveting a mortal maiden's charms,
He superadds these wanderings to his lust.
O nymph, thou hast a cruel suitor won !
Scarce have I named the prelude to thy toil

Io. Ah, me ! ah, me ! alas !

PRO. If thou already
Lament thus audibly, what wilt thou do
Hearing the evils that remain untold ?

Сно. Have thy lips yet a misery to relate
Which Io hath not heard?

PRO. **THOU** must encounter
A surging ocean of calamity.

Io. Hath life a joy for me ? Why do I not,
Without delay, precipitate my form
From this bluff crag, that falling on the plain
Beneath, from all my labours I may rest
At length ? Annihilation were a boon,
Compar'd with a protracted life of woe.

PRO. Thou wouldst not readily endure my lot:
Death were, to me, escape from torture ; but
I cannot die, for so hath fate ordained. (s)

Nor shall my miseries terminate until
Jove from his throne be cast.

Io. Is Jupiter
Destined by fate to yield his sovereignty ?

PRO. I deem, beholding such a consummation,
Thou wouldst rejoice.

Io. Could I do less, by Jove
Thus cruelly afflicted ?

PRO. These events
Are certain as if present, be assured !

Io. Of his tyrannic sway Jove to despoil
Who shall presume ?

PRO. Himself he shall dethrone
By his unwise proceeding.

Io. If I may
Without offence enquire, reveal to us
The mode of his downfall !

PRO. Contracting ties
Of marriage, he shall afterwards repent.

Io. Forms he a human or divine alliance ?
If it may uttered be, acquaint us !

PRO. Which
Imports it thee to know ? It were unlawful
This to declare.

Io. Expelled from his dominion,
Shall Jove be by his consort ?

Pro. Who shall bear
An offspring stronger than his sire.

Io. That Jove
May shun this evil are there means !

Pro. Not any ;
Until these limbs from bondage be set free.

Io. What hand may dare thy shackles to un-
loose,
While Jupiter opposes ?

Pro. 'Tis ordained
The liberator shall of thine offspring be. (t)

Io. Of mine ? And shall a child of mine
release
Thee from thy sufferings ?

Pro. E'en so : and shall in race
Be the thirteenth from thee.

Io. Not easily
This oracle may be divined.

Pro. Seek not
To probe thy own misfortunes !

Io. Nor do thou,
Having accorded me a boon, withdraw it !

PRO. Of revelations twain I will bestow
The choice on thee.

IO. What choice? Declare it; give
The promised option!

PRO. I grant. Select forthwith,
Whether I manifestly shall exhibit
The sufferings which await thee, or proclaim
Him, who from bondage shall exempt this form!

CHO. On her bestow the former grace, on me
The latter—and our prayer condemn not: show
To her the destined wandering that remains,
The liberator to me, as I desire!

PRO. Since you so vehemently crave, my lips
Will not decline to grant your whole request.
And Io, first to thee I will declare
What shall thine agitated wanderings be;
On the retentive tablet of thy mind
Inscribe them well! Having o'erpassed the flood
Which separates opposing coasts, approach
The sultry region of the east, which Phœbus
Marks with his burning footstep * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * till thou gain

(The clamorous waves of ocean being crossed)
Cisthenes realm, Gorgonian ; where inhabit
The Phorcides, three nymphs, old in their
prime,

With hoary locks, white as the cygnet's wing,
And but one common eye, one common mouth,
Whom not Apollo's cheerful beam surveys
Nor Phœbe's ray nocturnal.—Near reside
Their winged sisters three, hateful to man,
The dragon-tressed Gorgons, whom beholding
No mortal shall the breath of life retain.

Moreover, whilst I teach thee what to shun,
Another terrible vision I reveal.

Listen ! For I those voiceless dogs of Jove,
The Gryphins sharp of fang, bid thee avoid ;
Those dwellers too, near the Plutonian wave,
Th' equestrian, one-eyed Arimaspians band,
Approach them not ! Thus shalt thou gain the
strand

Of that dark race, who near the fountains live
Of Phœbus, where the river Æthiops flows ;
Along whose borders creep, until thou come

To that descent where, from the Bybline heights,
 Falls Nile, refreshing, venerable stream,
 Which to the land triangular, Nilotic, (*u*)
 Shall guide thee. There by fate it is decreed,
 Io, that thou and thy descendants found
 A colony enduring.—Now if aught
 I have obscurely stated, or in terms
 Hard to be understood, do thou demand
 Its import, and receive due explanation !
 I have more leisure than my soul desires.

CHO. If there be aught remaining undisclosed,
 Which thou canst yet communicate to Io,
 Her fatal wandering that regards, declare it !
 But, if that theme be spent, impart to us
 The information sought ; accord this favour !

PRO. Her journey's termination Io now
 Hath heard ; and to convince her that I speak
 The truth, and nothing more, I will relate
 Her sufferings ere she hither came ; thus giving
 An ample proof of my veracity.

I will omit a multitude of things
 Advancing towards thy late arrival here.

At length, thy footsteps the Molossian plains,
 And those near high Dodona trod, where are (v)
 Th' oracle and seat of Jove Thesprotian,
 And the miraculous, prophetic oaks,
 Which not ambiguously, but clearly told
 That thou art fated to become the spouse
 Illustrious of heaven's king—if this console thee.—
 With agitation strange thou thence impelled,
 Along the coast of ocean to the gulf
 Profound of Rhea movedst; whence again
 Thou com'st enraged, with retrogressive step :
 Know that in future years, this ocean-nook
 Ionian shall be named, to all mankind
 Memorial of thy passage.—These facts yield
 Sufficient proof of my intelligence,
 Which more beholds than what is evident.
 The rest to you, and her in common, I,
 Returning to my former argument,
 Will speak. There is a city called Canopus,
 On the extreme point of land, near to the mouth
 And mud-accumulating bank of Nile ;
 There Jove to thee thy faculties restores,
 With a slight touch of his innocuous hand.

There shalt thou swarthy Epaphus bring forth ;
 Thus from that contact named, who shall possess
 Whatever land is irrigated by
 The widely flowing Nile. From him derived,
 A band of maidens in the fifth degree,
 And five times ten in number, shall arrive
 Reluctantly at Argos, from the tie
 Cognate of marriage, with their kindred, flying—
 Like falcons, scarcely left by doves in chase,
 And urged by mad desire, these shall pursue
 Espousals it were wiser to avoid ;
 Pelasia shall receive them doomed to die,
 By slaughtering female hands, that wait until
 Night yield its opportunity to strike :
 Their falchions, double-edged, with gore imbuing,
 The youthful brides amerce their lords of
 breath.

May Venus ever to my foes appear
 Under a form like this ! Persuasive love
 One mitigated fair shall urge to save
 Her husband, and weak pity's fame prefer
 To that of murderess. In Argos she
 Shall become parent of a royal line.—
 A long discourse it needs, perspicuously

These matters to relate. From this race springs (*w*)
 A mighty hero, an illustrious archer,
 Who from these toils shall free me.—To mine ear
 My mother, ancient dame, Titanian Themis.
 This oracle revealed : the how, the where
 To tell, requires protracted time ; and told
 Thou wouldst not reap advantage from the know-
 ledge.

Io. Alas ! the canker burns within my breast ;
 The madness of my soul consumes me still,
 And that envenomed sting's remorseless pest,
 Burns an unquenchable, corroding ill.
 My terror-smitten heart throbs violently ;
 My visual orbs with rapid motion roll ;
 By a wild spirit of insanity
 Possessed, I lose the power of self-control,
 And with ungoverned tongue, confusedly try
 To stem dread Ate's flood that surgeth wild and
 high.

Сно. The sagest of the sage was he, whose mind
 Embraced, whose lips gave utterance to the
 thought,

By those, who would themselves in marriage bind,
 'Twere right that equal fortunes should be
 sought,
 That the poor, humble swain, whose scanty bread
 Is won by manual labour, with the dame
 Whom wealth hath made luxurious, should not wed,
 Nor with the heiress of ancestral fame.

Redoubted fates, O may you never see
 This form associate of Jove's couch ! Nor may
 I to a spouse celestial joined be !
 For Io's lot I tremblingly survey ;
 Her prime from human sympathy removed,
 And the dire wanderings that her feet have proved
 At Juno's will. I view without alarm
 An equal match.—Superior deities
 I trust will not th' inevitable charm
 Of love around me cast. Whoever tries
 Such contest yields o'ercome. It is a fight
 Not to be fought, and an impervious way :
 Yet since I am untaught by mental sight
 How Jove's consummate wisdom shun I may,
 What shall be my estate I have not power to say.

PRO. E'en Jupiter, thus arrogant and proud,
 Shall, at a future day, be humbled quite.
 The fatal marriage he contemplates will
 Expel the tyrant from his throne, condemned
 To an oblivious fate.—The bitter curse
 And imprecation uttered by his sire,
 Old Chronos, falling from his ancient throne,
 Shall then be ratified entirely.

From these dread evils I, and I alone
 Of all the gods, can indicate to Jove
 The certain means of refuge. I know well
 Both these and how to shape them. Let him now,
 Confiding in his thunders, roar sublime,
 With arrogant security preside,
 And brandish, with strong arm, the bolt fire-
 breathing :

There shall avail him nothing to prevent
 A fall disgraceful as intolerable :
 Such an antagonist he now prepares
 Against himself ; a fierce, subdueless foe.
 A flame more potent than his lightning's blast,
 Thunder more awful than his thunder's roar,

The hostile form shall wield, and shiver too
 Neptune's dread ocean-trident that afflicts
 The earth with throes convulsive. To this point
 Of evil brought, Jove must the difference learn
 Betwixt supreme command and servitude.

CHO. Thy froward tongue doth prophecy of
 Jove

According to thy heart's desire.

PRO. I speak
 What shall accomplished be, and what I wish.

CHO. Is it to be presumed that any one
 May lord it over Jove?

PRO. Assuredly;
 And heavier woes than mine Jove shall endure.

CHO. Adventuring such language, fear'st thou
 not?

PRO. What should I fear? I cannot die.

CHO. But Jove
 May send thee direr woe.

PRO. Let Jove perform
 His worst! I am prepared even for the worst.

CHO. Stern Adrastea's power the wise revere.

PRO. Revere, adore, bend to the eternal king!

I heed Jove less than nothing. Let him rage,
 And rule for a brief space, as he like best !
 For long he governs not in Heaven. But, lo !
 Approaches now the servile messenger,
 The minister of our new tyrant, come
 Doubtless some novel mandate to impart.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, HERMES.

HER. My message is to thee, thou sophist vain,
 Thou wretch, pre-eminent in bitterness
 Of mind, audacious criminal towards heav'n,
 Of man's ephemeral race avow'd protector,
 And bold purloiner of celestial fire !

Jove wills that thou reveal thy vaunted know-
 ledge
 Of those bands matrimonial which must cause
 His fall from power. Let thy response be worded
 Not in ambiguous phrase, but circumstantial ;

Nor me, Prometheus, to a repetition
 Compel of this my journey ; for thou seest
 That Jove may not be mitigated thus !

PRO. Grandiloquently, sage, thy language flows,
 In terms becoming one who serves the gods.
 Your power is recent as yourselves ; and therefore
 You deem that your high mansions are exempt
 From suffering as from care. Have I not seen
 Two tyrants from these habitations hurled ?*
 The third, who governs now, I shall behold
 Disgracefully and summarily expelled.
 Think'st thou that I, before these novel gods,
 Tremble with fear ? Remote from such alarm
 I am, and totally unshaken still.
 Measure thou back the road thou cam'st, with
 speed !

For nothing shalt thou from my lips obtain,
 Touching the matter thou requirest to know.

* Ophion and Saturnus, or Cœlus and Saturnus are here alluded to. It is almost superfluous to remark that the name of Ophion clearly designates the Serpent. Ophion was also said to have been one of the giants killed by Hercules !

HER. By contumacious words like these, already

Thou hast thyself into such perils steered.

PRO. I, for thy servitude, would not exchange
My wretchedness. I deem it preferable
To lackey this hard rock, than to become
The humble messenger of father Jove.
'Tis right thus to retort the words of pride.

HER. Thou seem'st in suffering to rejoice.

PRO. Rejoicing
Thus may I view my foes, of whom art thou !

HER. Dost thou inculcate me, as having aided
In causing thy misfortunes ?

PRO. All the gods
I hate in sooth, who at my hands received
Advantage, and dishonour me unjustly.

HER. Listening, methinks, these ravings indicate

Thy mind's not small disease.

PRO. Hating my foes,
If I be sick, long may the illness last !

HER. Thou, fortunate, wert scarce endurable.

PRO. Ah, me !

HER. Jove has not thus learned sorrow's voice.

PRO. Time, as he waxeth older, teacheth all things.

HER. Yet hast thou not gained wisdom—

PRO. For, if wise,
I should not commune with a slave like thee.

HER. It seems thou art determined to reveal
Nought that my father wills to know.

PRO. So large
My debt to him, I must, in gratitude,
Return the obligation.

HER. Truly, me
Thy tongue hath sported with, as with a child.

PRO. Art thou not a mere child, and even
less

In reason than a child, from my sealed lip
Thinking to win intelligence? There's not
A chastisement or stratagem by which
Jove shall compel me to divulge the secret,
Till these injurious fetters be unloosed :
Then, if he will, let the red lightning play !
Let him confound and trouble the creation,

With white-winged showers of snow, and mutter-
ings dire,

Of subterranean thunder. Never thus
Afflicting me, shall he constrain to say,
By whom his destined fall must be accom-
plished.

HER. Consider now if any benefit
Attend thy perseverance.

PRO. Long ago
I have considered, and resolved likewise.

HER. Imprudent, as thou art, at length be
willing,
Environed thus with evil, to think wisely !

PRO. My courage thou wouldst shake, but
mightst as well

Persuade the billowy ocean, thus accosting.
Let not the thought possess thee that I can
With feminine weakness, at the will of Jove,
Begin to tremble ; and in suppliant strain,
Raising a woman's hand, sue for release
From these my bonds to a detested foe !
I am not so debased.

HER. Discoursing much,

It seems I vainly speak : no prayers avail
 To mitigate or soften thy firm heart—
 Like a young steed, new to the galling yoke,
 Thou fight'st with violence against the rein.
 Know that thy confidence is without reason :
 For pertinacious arrogance alone
 Profits him less than nothing, whose resolves
 Are destitute of wisdom ; then reflect,
 That if, unyielding, still thou disregard
 My words, how dire the tempest that impends,
 And what a surging flood of evil fortune,
 Vast as inevitable, threatens thee.
 Heaven's sire, with thunder and the lightning's
 flame,
 Shall fiercely rive this craggy mountain dell,
 And in its cavernous recesses hide
 Thy form, and press thee with an arm of stone.
 At length, when a protracted space of time
 Thou shalt have thus endured, to the bright realms
 Of day thou shalt return ; but then of Jove
 The winged hound, the sanguinary eagle, (*x*)
 A daily guest, unsummoned, shall devour

Voraciously a portion of thy flesh,
And on thy liver's dark food revel long.

Nor of this suffering hope thou to behold
A termination, till some god appear, (y)
As successor vicarial to thy pangs,
And, for thy sake, resolve to tread the path
That wends to the dull, sunless clime below
Of Hades, and the gulfs obscure around
Black Tartarus. I pray thee to remember,
That this is no vain-glorious menace, but
Most seriously intended ; for the lips
Of Jupiter in falsehood are not skilled :
His every word he sees accomplished.—Look
Therefore around thee cautiously ; consider,
And thou shalt cease to think presumptuous bearing
Safer than prudent counsel !

CHO.

Hermes reasons

Most pertinently, as we think, aside
Bidding thee lay thine arrogance of mind,
And search for the decrees of wisdom.—Listen !
The sage incurs dishonour when he errs.

PRO. Vociferating thus his embassy

To ears prepared hath Hermes preached. 'Tis
right

That foe by foe should still maltreated be.

On me, then, let his fire's red tresses light
Keenly destructive ! And let ether bright

Be vexed with thunder ! Let the tempest take
Its course around the sky, with withering blight !

And let the spirit of the storm awake,

And earth's foundations to her deep roots shake,
In elemental war ; with tumult strange,

Commingling ocean and the paths above,
Through which celestial constellations range!

Let it to Tartarus, dark gulf, remove

My being, downward hurl'd, condemn'd to
prove

Necessity's stern law in rude descent,

Yet shall it not annihilate.

HER.

When rove

Thus strangely words, we fairly may decide

That the lost mind from reason wanders wide.

Can he be deem'd less than insane, who failing
Thus in his fortunes, nothing will abate
Of his ungovern'd fury ?—You now wailing,
With sympathetic sorrow, his estate
Quickly recede ! or it may be too late,
When the hoarse thunder's echoing voice shall quell
Your senses with affright.

CHO. At any rate,
Thy words are not admissible.—Impel
Me to aught else, and I will not rebel !
How dare thy lips persuade me to a part
Abhorred, unworthy of a generous mind ?
To suffer all with him prefers my heart,
Ever detesting treason's baser kind ;
Nor can I any guilt more odious find
Than such desertion.

HER. But attend to me
While I this warning utter ! Fast behind
Should destiny, pursuing, make you flee,
Blame Fortune not, nor say Jove gave you not
to see

Mischiefs that overtake you—for resolved
 On self destruction, not unknowingly,
 Nor yet by fraud, nor suddenly involved
 In her dread snare inextricable, ye
 Of Ate shall the willing victims be.

Pro. Not in word only, but in fact, earth
 quakes ;

Loud thunders roar, rebellowing hoarsely deep ;
 Forth burst the lightning's fiery, lurid flakes,
 Blasting in quick succession ; whirlwinds
 sweep

Around earth's agitated dust ; and leap
 The spirits of all winds, in boisterous play,
 Discordant these their adverse station keep,
 Waging a mutual war ; hoar ocean's spray
 With ether blends, suspended in the fray ;
 Charged with such vengeance, the dread tempest's
 wings

Are onward rushing :—their impetuous sway
 Tends manifestly hither—the storm brings
 With it the wrath of Jove—upon its way
 Terror attends. Themis, thine eyes survey

My woes : and thou beholdest Ether bright,
 Whence to all things distribute the ray
 Of universally pervading light ;
 You see how I endure, while justice yields to
 might.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE (a.) Page 5.

ACCORDING to Apollodorus, Prometheus made the first man and woman with clay, animating it with fire stolen from heaven. Prometheus signifies one possessing foreknowledge : he taught men what Azazel and the fallen angels taught them according to the book of Enoch. Prometheus and Azazel were similarly punished. The archangels charged Azazel before God, saying, “ Thou beholdest the guilt of Azazel ; he has disclosed the mysteries and revealed the secrets of heaven to mankind.” To him, therefore, Raphael was commissioned with this command : “ Proceed, Raphael, and bind Azazel, fettering him hand and foot, and cast him into darkness, even into the wilderness of Doudael.”— See *Grabii Spicilegium, SS. Patrum*, tome i. p. 351, &c.

The relation of Apollodorus (in substance) resembles that of Moses.

I cannot but suspect that Adam, their first parent, was deified by his posterity, who had renounced the worship of the true God, and that he was adored by them, not only as the primary source of wisdom and

knowledge, but as having been endued with the powers of creation.

This mysterious personage may also typify the human soul, allied to those natures, which had tempted it to disobedience, by whom instructed it may be supposed arrogantly to assume its own integrity, and attribute its sufferings to tyrannous oppression.

Prometheus signifies one possessing foreknowledge. The first man ate of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil ; his inducement to disregard the divine prohibition was the treacherous assertion of the tempter, that the day on which he should eat thereof, his eyes should be opened, and that as a god he should discern good from evil. This allurement was, in the first instance, held out to the woman, and history exhibits the besetting sin of her posterity. Ancient nations enrolled their most distinguished characters amongst their deities, and elevated even their worst passions to the same rank. Nor are we exempt from a similar charge. " Every man is naturally an idolater. Our hearts turned from God in our first fall, and ever since the creature hath been our God. This is the grand sin of nature. Every unregenerate man ascribes to the creature divine prerogatives, and allows it the highest room in his soul. It was our first sin to aspire to be as gods ; and it is the greatest sin that is propagated in our nature from generation to generation."—*Baxter's Saint's Rest*.

NOTE (b.) Page 13, line 7.

He was a deity, bound and miserable, hateful to Jupiter, and obnoxious to all the gods, because he had loved mankind too well. For this immortal being Pandora, or Eve, was created; he therefore typifies Adam; but after the fatal temptation, Epimetheus, a fallen, changed, and inferior creature, represents humanity.

NOTE (c.) Page 17, line 16.

Prometheus relates that the *δαίμονες* had raised a war in heaven, some desiring to expel Saturn and enthrone Jupiter, others supporting Saturn: he boasts that the Titans, of whom Saturn was one, were by his counsels overthrown, and the power of Jupiter established, in the beginning of whose reign the action of this drama must have taken place.

Saturn is denominated *Κρόνος*, "Time," and means Hidden, because times and seasons are hidden; derived from סתור, it contains the number 666, which Irenæus explains, from the six days of creation, to denote the duration of the time of this present dispensation.

The word *Μυστηριον*, mystery, is formed from סתור.— See Revel. x. 6, 7; xi. 15, where the mystery of time is contrasted with the revelation of eternity.

Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 323, so describes the fall of Saturn, that it seems to identify him with Satan.

My woes ; and thou beholdest Ether bright,
Who to all things distributest the ray
Of universally pervading light ;
You see how I endure, while justice yields to
might.

NOTES.

ing that mountain, clearly represent the deluge. And the Nasonian poems, although supposed by some to refer solely to the flood of Deucalion, or to an inundation of Greece, so explicitly state the destruction of mankind, the entire submersion of the earth, and the creation of a new race, that we cannot but allow for the appropriating spirit of the Greeks, and believe that the universal *cataclysm* is here intended : indeed some authors speak of it as the deluge of Noah, and Plutarch mentions the dove that was sent out of the ark by Deucalion.

Juvenal, also, in his first Satire, verse 81, appears to regard the flood of Deucalion as applicable to the whole earth ; for *æquor* can only designate the ocean, which rising nearly to the summit of Parnassus, must have inundated every country at a lower level.

Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,
 Navigio montem ascendit, sortisque poposcit.

NOTE (k.) Page 23, line 20.

Prometheus asserts that he had borne no considerable part in expelling Saturn from his throne. The true worship had long been maintained by some of the posterity of Adam, but at the period of the deluge they had become extremely corrupt : therefore chastisement

ensued, and the sufferings endured by the once highly favoured race, were a subject of wonder.

NOTE (l.) Page 24, line 3.

The warning voice that enjoined repentance has long been heard, and now the measure of iniquity is full; but to his impenitent regard the moral government of the world appears to have suffered change. He is commanded to amend in conduct, probably to renounce false gods; the judgments of Heaven are round about him, and the true worship is on the eve of being restored.

NOTE (m.) Page 26, line 12.

Typhon, or Typhœus, son of Tartarus, was regarded by the Egyptians as the evil principle, and represented as a dragon, or serpent, with a hundred heads. His monstrous offspring, Geryon, Cerberus, Orthos, and the Hydra, are not unworthy of their father. And their mother Echidna, or female viper, the prototype of Milton's Sin, is described with the upper parts of a woman, and the lower of a serpent. The nature and place of his punishment, under the crater of a burning mountain, in everlasting torment, illustrate his character.

Milton has imitated this description :—

“ As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held.”

“ him th' almighty Sire
 Hurl'd headlong, flaming, from th' ætherial height,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantin chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.”

And the dramatist borrowed from Homer

“ Γαῖα ὀπίστρον ἀχίζε Διὶ ὥς τερπικεραύνῃ
 Χωομένῳ, ὅτε τ' ἀμφὶ τυφῶϊ γαῖαν ἰμάσση
 Εἰν Ἀρίμοις, ὅθι φασὶ Τυφώος ἔμμεναι ἐννός.”

NOTE (n.) Page 31, line 8.

These lines remind us of the 4th, 5th, and 22d verses
 in the 3d chap. of *Genesis*.

Νηπιός signifies infans, imprudens, stultus;
 Ἐννοῦς, mentis compos, sapiens, prudens.

In a state of mere infancy the knowledge of good and

evil cannot be supposed to exist, it is therefore a state of innocence. But that knowledge once attained, we may lament with the bard, who sings,

*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*

May not, therefore, the pride of the human heart have dictated the opinion, that the first man, with the knowledge of good and evil, conferred an important benefit on his race ; and may not this imagined boon be typified by that celestial fire, which instructed them in the arts of life, and in the application of the element itself, so indispensable to their development ?

NOTE (o.) Page 33, line 2.

Man had, indeed, lost his better reason, and might aptly be compared to an unskilful physician, incapable of finding a remedy for his disorder. In this wretched condition he remained until the hope, hereinafter typified, was realized.

NOTE (p.) Page 35, line 5.

Man was not by his own exertion to escape from suffering : fate had otherwise decreed, from the beginning ; and what had been foretold was inevitable.

NOTE (q.) Page 38, line 1.

“Io, or Isis, (coming to the daughters of Oceanus in the form of a cow, and to mount Caucasus,) is the Ark.”

—Sir W. Drummond's *Origines*, v. ii. p. 103.

Isis was an Egyptian goddess. The cow was deified in Egypt; and it seems not improbable that this useful animal, by metonymy, represented all the creatures rescued from the flood; as well as the ark of their refuge. Io, we are informed, was the grand-daughter of Oceanus and Tethys. Oceanus probably was Noah, whose offspring Io, or the ark, might be regarded. At all events, she might well be fabled to have sprung from that ocean on whose surface she had so long floated; remaining, at its subsidence, as the sole type of a former world, and pouring out from her recesses the parents of a new race of men and animals. We cannot therefore wonder that Io was likewise identified with Eve, or Pandora. “Io was originally, perhaps, the same name as Eve; and her being driven into the wilderness, by the *μυριωπος* Argus, signified that the cherub full of eyes, drove Eve into the wilderness.”

Isis is said to signify ancient. Her wanderings terminating in Egypt, she resumed her proper form and gave birth to Epaphus, from *Ἐπαφήμι*, who built Memphis. It has been surmised that Epaphus and Ham may be

proved, etymologically, to have been the same person. The poet designates him by the epithet *κελαινον*, black, alluding probably to the colour of his descendants. Isis was said to have married her brother Osiris, and to have been pregnant by him even in her mother's womb. Allusions which confirm the identity of her character with that of Eve.

The inscriptions on the statues of Isis were often in these words : " I am all that has been, that shall be : none amongst mortals has hitherto taken off my veil."

Osiris was basely murdered by Typhon, or the power of evil, which is represented in Scripture as having ruined Adam and his race ; the mystery or veil of whose fall and redemption had not then been taken off. The promise to the woman, that her seed should bruise the serpent's head, remained to be accomplished.

NOTE (r.) Page 44, line 16.

Having plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge, her form and mind were changed ; the sting of conscience goaded her to insanity : and lest her audacious hand should be stretched forth to gather the fruit of the tree of life, the woman was driven by Argus, the cherub full of eyes, from the scene of her former happiness.

Previously to, and at the moment of her fall, Eve is clearly represented by Pandora, whom Hesiod regarded

as the first mortal female that ever lived. It was said, that to punish the artifice of Prometheus in stealing celestial fire with which to animate his man of clay, Jupiter caused Vulcan to form Pandora (to be his wife) of the same material. In this drama no allusion is made to his imitative creation of man, which may perhaps be regarded as allegorizing man after the fall, deprived of his immortal and divine attributes, by the sin of his progenitor. But the order of events is deranged. Given to him, not for punishment, but in solace and companionship, she became the instrument of his ruin.

Such a surrender of wisdom ill accorded with the philosophical pride of ancient opinions. Prometheus doubted the integrity of the donor, and bestowed the fatal mischief in marriage on his brother Epimetheus. To him Pandora presented the cause of offence, as Eve did to Adam; and thence ensued all the evils which afflict humanity. Hope alone remained with man; that hope which typified the promise made to the woman that her seed should bruise the head of the serpent.

Shame and degradation awaited Epimetheus. He attempted to raise a statue of clay, an image emphatically descriptive of our perishing condition, but was changed into a monkey.

The island Pithecusa, once called Ænaria, and Ena-

rina, *hodie* Ischia, to which Epimetheus was banished, being volcanic, and liable to earthquakes, was considered by some as the burying-place of Typhon: thus we find man expelled from Paradise, and thrown again into company with the seducer.

Respecting Epimetheus, Pindar has the following extraordinary passage :—

“ Ος οὐ' ταν Ἐπιμηθεός
 Ἄγων οψινόου θυγατέρα Πρό—
 Φασιν Βαττιδᾶν
 Ἀφίκετο δομους θεμισκερόντων.”

“ Carrhotos, the hero of the song, brought not with him, to the palaces of the legislative Battidæ, Excuse, daughter of the late-minded or repentant Epimetheus.” It is probable that the repentance of Epimetheus had grown into a proverb; and we almost imagine that we hear Adam expressing his remorse, and deploring his misfortunes.

NOTE (s.) Page 48, line 21.

Here Prometheus unequivocally asserts his immortality; but Io, it would appear, was a mortal being. Mahomedan nations, at this day, exclude women from Paradise; whilst, in all ages, the transgression of Eve

has been visited on her sex, in the fulfilment of the Scriptural denunciation.—*Gen.* iii. 16.

NOTE (t.) Page 50, line 8.

Probably a corrupt explanation of prophecy, indicating the overthrow of the powers of darkness by a future intercessor.

Prometheus asserts, that the liberator must of necessity belong to the progeny of Io, Eve. From the expression *ῥῖτος γε γένναν*, &c. it would appear that a remote posterity was intended. Chronological accuracy is rarely to be met with in ancient history; and it must be borne in mind, that these glimmerings of prophecy have throughout been appropriated to their own annals by the Greek and Roman poets.

NOTE (u.) Page 53, line 3.

Following the seaward course of the Nile, Io was to reach the Delta, or the land of Goshen. It is remarkable that Jacob and his family, of whose race the Messiah was predicted, long sojourned in the same part of Egypt.

NOTE (v.) Page 54, line 2.

The temple at Dodona was said to have been first built by Deucalion, Noah, after the deluge. It was

supposed to be the most ancient oracle of Greece, and, according to Egyptian traditions mentioned by Herodotus, it was founded by a dove. Herodotus explains this tradition, by observing that some Phœnicians carried away two priestesses from Egypt, one of whom fixed her abode at Dodona : and it is true that amongst the Epirots, *πελεια*, a dove, implied an old woman ; but it is probable that the Greeks, with their usual spirit of appropriation, have made the Scriptural history their own in this instance ; and we may infer that an allusion is here made to the arrival of the Ark, Io, at Mount Araret, to the sending forth of the dove, and to the altar erected by Noah, commemorative of his deliverance.

The prophecy was of the highest antiquity. *Θεμис*, or divine justice, had avouched its truth ; and it afforded Prometheus, to solace his affliction, a remote prospect of restored happiness.

NOTE.—(w.) Page 56, line 3.

The character of Hercules, although applied by the Greeks to several heroes of that name, personified a divine nature. In his birth, life, and death, the office of an intercessor was poetically, although grossly described, in accordance with the feelings, habits, and manners of idolaters. His birth, preservation, and

history, are miraculous; nor must it be forgotten that the first exertion of his infantile strength was in vanquishing the serpent; in other words, that he was born for its destruction. His life was one of endurance and unmerited persecution; while his time and powers were devoted to the benefit of mankind. He would avail himself of fire, a spiritual weapon, that should supersede the voice of thunder, and overcome the rage of Ocean. The promised offspring was the predicted conqueror of the idolatrous system, about to cover the earth with darkness, and the sufferings of Prometheus could not terminate until that happy consummation.

Thus it evidently appears that Hercules was a type of the Saviour of the world. "The ancient Gauls had an Hercules with the attribute *Magusan*, which seems to be a plain derivative from *mag* to be strong, and this is eminently the character of Hercules. So in the Orphic hymn that hero is called *μεγασθενες, αλκιμε, καρτεροχειρ, αδαμαστε*. It is well known that by Hercules, in physical mythology, was meant the sun, or solar light; and his twelve famous labours have been referred to the passing of that luminary through the twelve zodiacal signs; and this perhaps not without some foundation. But the labours of Hercules seem also to have been originally emblematic of what the real Son of God,

and Saviour of the world, was to do and suffer for mankind,

—— νουσω θελκτρια παντα κομιζων:

bringing a cure for all our ills, as the Orphic hymn speaks of Hercules. But on this subject see more in Spearman's excellent letters on the LXX. p. 88. To what that learned writer has observed I beg leave to add a curious passage from Spence's *Polymetis*, dial. xix. p. 116. Besides Hercules strangling the *two serpents* sent to destroy him, "What," says he, "is more extraordinary than this, that there are exploits supposed to have been performed by him, *even before Alcmena brought him into the world.*" To which he adds in a note, "This, perhaps, is one of the most mysterious points in all the mythology of the ancients: though Hercules was born not long before the Trojan war, they make him *assist the gods in conquering the rebel giants.*"

Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhoëus
Arduus, arma tenens.

And some of them talk of an *oracle, or tradition in Heaven, that the gods could never conquer them*

without the assistance of a MAN. *Apollodorus Bibl.* lib. i. and *Macrobius Sat.* lib. i. cap. 20." Thus Mr. Spence. " But can any one believe that so excellent a scholar as he was could not easily have accounted for what he represents as having been so very mysterious. Will not 1 *Pet.* i. 20, compared with *Hag.* ii. 7, clear the whole difficulty; only recollecting that Hercules might be the name of several mere men, as well as a title of the future Saviour? *Parkhurst Heb. Lex.* p. 520."

Cabir, or hero god, is the גבור mighty of Isaiah, ix. 6, and the fourth eclogue of Virgil has a reference to that prophet, ix. 8.

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
 Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
 Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
 Casta fave Lucina : tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisque videbit
 Permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis.

Occidet et *serpens*, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet : Assyrium vulgò nascetur amomum.
 At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula eultu,
 Errantes hederas, passim, cum baccare tellus

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho, &c.
 Talia sæcla suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
 Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.
 Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus honores
 Cara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.

These expressions I find thus commented on by the Jesuits, in the argument of the Delphine edition. "Virgil sung these verses to celebrate the birth of the son of Pollio, converting to his praise and the commendation of those times, all that he had read in the books of the Cumæan Sibyl, respecting the advent, mother, and age of Christ." But it is remarkable that the poet should have sung his inspired verses at a time so nearly approximating to the fulfilment of the prophecy, and that the high anticipations they contain appear of a very exaggerated character, if applied only to a son of Pollio, or indeed to any mere mortal, however distinguished.

Themis, or divine justice, declares the original promise, "that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent."

Θηλύσπορος refers us to *Gen.* iii. 15.

"The term παλαιγενής may be applied to Θεμης, with reference to the great age of the Antediluvians."—See Θεμης in the *Thesaurus of Stephens*.

It may be observed, that from this part Horace has composed the three beautiful stanzas of his Ode, beginning “Audiat Lyde.”—

NOTE (x.) Page 65, line 20.

We are informed elsewhere, that the vulture, or eagle, here described, was the offspring of Typhon, and Echidna; in her own attributes, and as the mother of a monstrous brood, well personating Sin. Can the remorse of a guilty conscience be more strongly painted than in this allegory of an obscene bird, devouring, without consuming, the vitals of a criminal?

NOTE (y.) Page 66, line 4.

Hermes assures Prometheus that he must not expect a termination to his sufferings, until a divinity become successor to his woes, (he was to endure the cross of Prometheus,) and for his sake be willing to descend into the sunless regions of Hades, and the dark abyss of Tartarus. He warns Prometheus of the judgments coming upon him, and of his impenitent heart.

Hermes was the inventor of letters.

Jackson observes, “that the Arabian, Syrian, Chaldean, Jewish, and Egyptian writers, related that the first Hermes, called by them Adris, or Idris, lived before the flood, and was Enoch.” Vol. ii. p. 125. This

opinion is confirmed by the circumstance, that the only antediluvian book preserved is that of Enoch. Jackson also observes, "that both St. Peter and St. Jude make references to the book of Enoch." Vide *ibid*, 128, on the death of Argus. A confirmation likewise is, that Enoch warned the Egregori of the judgments coming upon them.

The legend of Cader Idris, in Wales, is taken from this Idris. We may conjecture that another legend in Derbyshire is not unconnected with what will follow. In fact, every nation appropriated every legend to itself. The legend of Atlas is precisely the same, as Mr. Faber has proved. Accordingly, Eupolemus wrote that the Babylonians asserted that Enoch had discovered astrology. But he added, that the Greeks asserted that Atlas discovered astrology, and said that Atlas and Enoch were the same, and that Methuselah, son of Enoch, was taught every thing by angels. *Eusebii Præp. Evangel.* ix. 17; agreeably to which Enoch asserts in his book, that he was taught astrology by angels. In respect of Idris, see the *Cambrian Traveller's Guide*, a most interesting work. For the above, and some other quotations here made, I am indebted to J. M. B. on the *Prometheus of Æschylus*, and the *Book of Enoch*, in the *Classical Journal*, No. 58.

Hermes was the inventor of letters: Enoch wrote the

first book. It is probable that the apostle Jude quoted from some book then extant, not that which Origen, Jerome, and Austin mention as of no authority.

Enoch warned the antediluvians to repent. Hermes warned Prometheus of the judgments impending, unless he repented : he was the messenger of Jove ; and the retort of Prometheus is remarkable, that he would rather serve the rock to which he was chained, *ἡ παρὰ φύσιν Ζηνὶ πιστὸν ἄγγελον*.

“ The heathens seem to have had some knowledge of Enoch, and his prediction of the deluge. Stephens, the geographer, calls him Anacus, and says that he lived in the city Iconium, in Phrygia. It had been foretold by some oracle, that the world should perish after the death of Anac. Deucalion’s deluge followed very soon after.” *Calmet’s Dictionary of the Bible*.

It has been asserted that Atlas discovered astrology, and was identical with Enoch. Horace addresses Mercury thus :

“ Mercuri facunde nepos Atlantis.”

Hermes having, with sweet music, lulled Argus to sleep, is represented as cutting off his head. We have already alluded to the probable meaning of *μυριωπος* “*Argos*.” See *Gen.* iii. 24.

The reason assigned for man's being driven out of paradise is, lest he should take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever. The sacred record informs us, that Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him. *Gen.* v. 24. And the apostle Paul says, "he did not see death." (Is it not probable, by the by, that the ancients took their first idea of deified mortality from the certain knowledge of this fact?) I therefore infer, that Hermes slaying the ever vigilant guardian of the wandering and afflicted Io, allegorically represents the conquest obtained by her, in her descendant Enoch, over the angel who guarded the tree of life—the angel of death. It was almost a solitary triumph; the protecting cherubim resumed the watch, and the life-giving fruit was not to be tasted by others. Therefore Io complains, that, notwithstanding his death, earth cannot keep him from persecuting her, and dogging her footsteps from the very shades: an expression which vividly describes those terrors that alarm her progeny.

"Under the characters of Jupiter," says J. M. B. the writer to whom we have before referred, "however mixed and corrupted, there appear to be some remarkable ones taken from those of the true and living God. Ζεύς may well be derived from ζάω, *vivo*, and so signify the living or everlasting God, contrasted with Saturn, the prince

of this present dispensation (*αἰῶνος*.) Jovis is most probably derived from Jehovah, which also signifies the self-existent."

Ainsworth says, "Jovis in recto usurpabant veteres :"
he says, "Jupiter quasi Juvans pater, sed refragatur
quantitas rectè opinor a *ζεν παρέρ*."

By the Titans allied to Satan, perhaps, were intended the worshippers of the sun ; the word *Titan* signifying the sun, and also containing the fatal number 666, as Irenæus notes. It is obvious that the sun and time, *Κρονος*, are equivalent. *Gen.* i. 14. *Rev.* x. 6, 7.

When Prometheus speaks of having already seen two monarchs, Ophion and Saturnus, falling from their celestial mansions, the serpent, and his alliance with Satan, appear to be referred to.

Cedrenus says, that the descendants of Seth inhabited the higher country of Eden, near to Paradise, where they led an angelical life, till the one thousandth year of the world, when they were smitten with the beauty of the daughters of men, descended from Cain. Jackson notes the change in the world which took place in the eleventh century as follows : "Righteous Seth lived to see his sons, in the fourth generation, corrupted by their alliance with the posterity of Cain ; when, about the year one thousand and seventy-three, they set up a lawless tyranny in the countries of Baby-

lonia, and from thenceforth lived in an impious and dissolute manner until God destroyed them, Noah's family excepted, by an universal deluge. Panodorus says the Egregori descended in the one thousandth year of the world, and so says Syrecellus himself; and set up their tyranny in one thousand and fifty-eight, where Panodorus begins the Egyptian dynasty of gods. *Jackson*, i. 60.

In *Genesis*, iv. 26, we find that God was first known by the name of Jehovah, at the birth of Enos, in the year of the world four hundred and thirty-six. See *Jackson*, i. 35. By the dethronement of Saturn and the accession of Jupiter, may not then the commencement of the judgments of the true God on the antediluvians be typified? (To that curse which condemned man to toil for his subsistence, Virgil has alluded in his *Georg.* i. 121.)

The assertion of Prometheus, that Jupiter should be dethroned again, does not militate against this supposition. Although the kingdom of Satan was overthrown for a time, it was to be restored in after ages; as we read in *Zechariah*, that Babylon was to revive in a new form, and exalt her old leaven on high. v. 8, 11. See *Dr. Kennicott's Preface* to his *Hebrew Bible*, p. 19.

“As Jupiter's kingdom was to be saved by Prometheus, or foreknowledge, and by Hercules, the son of

Father, offering himself as a vicarious sacrifice for Pro-
 phets, so was the Kingdom of God to be preserved on
 earth by the righteousness of God, providing his own
 Son as a sacrifice for those that were under the curse
 of sin.

THE
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.



Jupiter, offering himself as a vicarial sacrifice for Prometheus, so was the kingdom of God to be preserved on earth by the *Providence* of God, *providing* his own Son as a sacrifice for those that were under the curse from knowledge."

THE
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A PEDAGOGUE.

ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

ORESTES.

CHRYSOthemis.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

ÆGISTHUS.

THE
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.

A PEDAGOGUE. ELECTRA. CHORUS. ORESTES.
CHRYSOthemis.

PEDA. Son of that chief, who on the Trojan
plain
Once led the Greeks, behold thy native reign !
Now present, thou mayst view those scenes be-
lov'd,
Which oft thy eager, absent wishes mov'd.
Here ancient Argos greets thy longing eyes !
Here mind-distracted Io's groves arise !
The forum sacred to that power, whose bow
Destroys the shaggy wolf, thou viewest now !
Lo ! on the left, stands Juno's splendid shrine,
And nearer still Mycenæ's turrets shine !

Wealthy Mycenæ, and thy fatal home,
 Pelops' far-famed, but blood-polluted dome !
 Whence thee, for so thy sister charg'd, I bore
 What time thy father welter'd in his gore :
 I rescued thee from the dark fate design'd,
 And nurtur'd vengeance in thy youthful mind,
 That when man's vigour should thy bosom fire,
 Thou mightst chastise the murderers of thy sire !
 Therefore, Orestes, and our guest, belov'd
 Pylades, briefly be your counsel prov'd !
 For glorious Phœbus, his diurnal chase
 Commencing, wakes to song the feathered race ;
 Black night already from heaven's face is fled :
 Then, ere the feet of prying mortals tread
 Beyond their thresholds, all your plans prepare ;
 Delay were fatal—this the time to dare.

OREST. O, most endear'd of my domestic band,
 Still zealous to assist with heart and hand !
 Proving thy constant love, thou wouldst excite
 Our valour, and be foremost in the fight.
 Thus some good steed, though old, despises fear,
 And at impending danger pricks his ear !
 Therefore attend, while I my views explain !
 Correcting aught that may be planned in vain,

The Pythian oracle I sought, to know
 How I might best avenge me on my foe,
 The murderer of my sire ; and thus replied
 Prophetic Phœbus.—“ Secret means provide !
 Marshal no army for the fields of fight ;
 But let thy fraudulent hand obtain thy right !”
 Since thus the oracle was given by fate,
 Approach and enter thou the palace gate !
 As opportunity may serve, to learn
 Their strength, and what proceeds within, discern,
 Which most imports our cause ; for thus you
 may,

The secret tidings to our ears convey ;
 Nor shall they in that foreign garment know,
 Thy person, chang'd by age, and time, and woe.
 Pretend thou art of Phocis, and declare,
 Tidings, their friend Phanoteus gave to bear,
 That young Orestes, in the Pythian chase,
 Where ardent coursers urge their rapid pace,
 Hurl'd from his chariot to the ground, expired ;
 So fate, and stern necessity required :
 Then with a solemn oath confirm the news.
 This is the fable which thy tongue must use :—

We, with the parted honours of our head,
 As great Apollo bids, adorn the dead,
 Gracing our father's tomb, and sadly o'er
 His hallow'd dust deserv'd libations pour.
 This done, we will return, and hither bear
 That brazen urn we lately hid with care,
 Among the spreading osiers ; that we may
 Delusive tidings to our foe convey ;
 Framing the artful news that it contains,
 Reduced to dust by fire, my cold remains.
 Nor shall it grieve my soul in word to die,
 Since thus in fame I live immortally,
 And breathe, as deeds shall prove, this upper air !
 Naught deem I ill that may advantage bear !
 Oft I have known the wise in word expire,
 And direr vengeance thence at last require.
 When they return'd, though late—this hope is
 mine,
 Like baleful star upon my foes to shine,
 Beheld, in spite of rumour's voice, once more :
 Meanwhile, paternal soil, I thee adore,
 And you domestic gods, and thou proud dome
 Of my great sire ! Now welcome me at home !

These hands shall cleanse th' impurities which still
Defile my chambers, such is Heaven's high will.
Dismiss me not dishonour'd from your land,
But yield me o'er my father's wealth command !
Let me the splendour of his house restore,
Taking a deep revenge ! This said, no more ;
Do thou, old man, perform the task design'd !
Proceed we ! now occasion may we find ;
Occasion, always courted by the wise,
Yields best assistance to secure the prize !

ELEC. (*within*) Alas ! unhappy, wretched me !

PEDA.	Within
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Methought I heard a female voice begin
Complaint.—Attend my son !

PEDA. Electra's grief

In lamentation seeks a vain relief.

Await we here, and listen to her woe !

PEDA. By no means, when a god commands to go.

Let first the Loxian's mandate be obey'd !

And pour libations to thy father's shade !

Commencing thus our glorious toils succeed,

Hence strength and conquest crown our hardy
deed.

ELEC. (*within*) O light divine of Heaven,
 And air that circlest earth,
 Full oft have ye been riven,
 By strains devoid of mirth !
 Full oft, when Sol returning,
 O'er night's dominion rose,
 Have ye caught notes of mourning
 Of sadly chaunted woes—
 Have caught the sounds redoubled
 Of blow succeeding blow,
 That, from my bosom troubled,
 Caus'd the dark blood to flow.
 Within that gloomy hall,
 My conscious couch might tell,
 What frightful dreams appal,
 What terrors round me dwell :
 How I my sire deplore,
 Whom homicidal Mars
 Hail'd not on Ilium's shore,
 A victim in the wars
 By rude barbarians made :
 Him my fell mother slew,
 With stern Ægisthus' aid,
 Her paramour ; as you

The woodman's axe may see
 Invade the oak, so they
 Have felled him like a tree,
 While all the rest betray !
 Unjustly wert thou slain,
 Too soon deprived of breath !
 Of all thy female train,
 I only mourn thy death !
 For him, who sadly died,
 I will not cease from weeping,
 Long, as in ether wide,
 I see Heaven's bright host keeping
 Their vigils, darting rays :
 But like lorn Philomel,
 Long as I count my days,
 I will my sorrows tell !
 With clamour mine estate
 Lamenting ever more,
 At my paternal gate,
 I will my loss deplore.
 O house of Pluto fell,
 And Proserpine, his bride,
 O Hermes, guide to hell,
 And thou deem'd to preside

O'er curses, hear my prayer !
 Heaven-born Erinnyes come,
 Right chastisement prepare
 For this adulterous dome !
 Never, O sisters dread,
 Might vengeance cry in vain,
 For those unjustly dead,
 Or for pollution's stain !
 Hasten ; appease my sire,
 And send my brother here,
 The weight of grief and ire
 Alone I cannot bear !

СНО. Child of a hapless dame,
 Insatiate still of woe,
 Why ever mourn the same
 Lov'd sire, who long ago
 Thy impious mother gave
 To glut the ruffian's knife ;
 And when she feign'd to save,
 Deprived him of his life ?
 Perish the wretch who did
 These deeds of sanguine stain,

If I am not forbid
 My wishes to explain !

ΕΛΕC. Daughters of generous sires,
 Who would console my woe,
 As friendship's claim requires,
 All this I know, I know !
 For naught escapes my mind ;
 Yet cease I not to weep,
 Nor leave I grief behind,
 But still its memory keep :
 I weep my father's fate.
 Ye, who my love return,
 This boon I supplicate—
 Permit me thus to mourn !

СНО. Thou wilt not thus recall,
 By sacrifice or sorrow,
 Thy sire from Hades' thrall,
 Where all mankind must follow.
 O wilt thou finish never
 Unmitigated grief !

Why languish thus for ever,
 With woes beyond relief?

ELC. Fools only can forget,
 When they who gave them breath
 Are, to their long regret,
 Lost by a wretched death.
 Me, that lorn songster pleases
 Who tunes her mournful strain
 For Itys still, nor ceases
 For Itys to complain :—
 Jove's mournful bird is she.
 Before thy honoured shrine,
 All suffering Niobe, .
 I offer rites divine !
 Thou, to a living tomb
 Of marble changed, dost seem
 To mourn thy cruel doom,
 With endless tearful stream.

CHO. Thou art not the only mortal
 To whom this sorrow is assigned ;

For within the neighbouring portal
 Dwell those who own thy blood and kind:
 Chrysothemis and Iphianassa weep
 In less extravagance of woe:
 The pining youth his grief must keep
 Concealed—the boy you rescued long ago.
 Guided by Jove to his illustrious home,
 Mycenæ, shall the glad Orestes come.

ELEC. For him, mine absent brother, now
 In barren chastity I wait;
 Until he come, the nuptial vow
 Not tried, weeping my fate;
 Till drowned in falling tears
 For woes that have no end!
 Orestes, as appears,
 Neglects the news I send,
 Forgetting all I dared:
 For still the tidings come
 His journey is prepared,
 And he desires his home,
 Yet there he does abide!

СНО. Confide, my child, confide !

Jove, paramount in heaven,
Sees all, and governs still ;
To him the care be given
Dire vengeance to fulfil.

Then with unbounded ire
Rage not against thy foes ;
But moderate thy fire,
Nor yet forget thy woes :—

A lenient power has time !
From Crisa's verdant shore,
T' avenge the bloody crime,
Returning here once more,
Shall young Atrides bring
The king of Acheron !

ЕЛЕС. Meanwhile, on listless wing,

Life's hopeless hours pass on !
Nor can my strength endure,
But, desolate I pine ;
No manly arm to cure,
As one of basest line !

In my sire's hall I dwell unblest,
 Neglected by the menial train ;
 And, in this ignoble vest,
 At his empty board remain.

СНО. Wretched were the news that came
 Of thy unhappy sire's return !
 Wretched was his bridal flame,
 Since his wounds cause thee to mourn :
 The wounds by brazen weapon made,
 Whose hostile, biting edge
 Did thy father's life invade,
 In spite of wedlock's pledge.
 'Twas fraud that prompted, love that slew,
 Crime preconceived fulfilling ;
 Whether mortal or immortal who
 Gave to these ills beginning.

ЕЛЕС. O day more hated than the rest
 Of all my mournful time !—
 O night ! O feast unblest !
 By sorrow marked, and crime !

That night my father gazed
 On ruthless fate impending,
 While gory hands, high raised,
 His noble life were rending !
 My life they likewise took :
 Betrayed to endless pain,
 Heaven's light I cannot brook :—
 May Jove his vengeance rain,
 And woes vindictive shower !
 Let them, such deeds who dared,
 Possess not e'en the power
 T' enjoy the wealth they shared !

CHO. Be wise, and speak no more !
 Hast thou so soon forgot,
 Compared with that of yore,
 How hard thy present lot ?
 Thy spirit's grief and hate
 Have wrought thee mightier ill ;
 To war against the great
 Is vain and dangerous still.

ELEC. My wrongs my voice have swelled ;

My rage I know transpires ;

Nor shall it be repelled

While life my bosom fires !

O band beloved ! declare,

What friendly tongue e'er gave

Me counsel good and fair,

Or opportune to save !

Desist from consolation,

My grief shall endless be ;

In constant tribulation

I weep eternally.

CHO. Prompted solely by good will

I bid thee to refrain,

Nor like a teeming mother fill

Thy cup with pain on pain.

ELEC. My woes to mitigate

What means are left, O tell !

And not to mourn their fate,

Would it be right and well ?

May I not be thus famed ?

Though joined in wedlock's tie,

My woes should be proclaimed ;

I will not from them fly,

Nor negligently give

My hours to love and joy ;

But long as I may live

My time in grief employ.

For if he perish must

Who wretchedly was slain,

(Reduced to naught but dust,)

And unavenged remain ;

If some do not one day

T' avenge his fate expire,

Then shame may fly away,

And piety retire !

CHO. Hither we came thy cause and ours to
aid,

If wrong, we yield—be thy commands obeyed !

ELC. My friends, I blush·lest, in your pitying
eyes,

I weep my grief more than it fits the wise !

Before necessity's stern law I bend—

Who would not thus a parent's woes attend ?

Forgive !— Who would not thus perform her
part ?

My sire's misfortunes rankle at my heart !
I mourn by day and night with ceaseless pain,
Beholding griefs augment, and hopes how vain.
By me detested is that murderous dame
Who gave me birth : I hate a mother's name.
In my own halls a listless slave I live,
Condemned to take whate'er assassins give.
If they deal good or evil, I must share
Their bounty, and their hated presence bear.
Think ye in happiness I pass my time,
Viewing Ægisthus stained with blood and crime ?
Or that unmoved, with cold regard, I may
The wretch on my paternal throne survey ?
Or that I careless see the vestments, worn
Once by my sire, a traitor's back adorn ?
Or that, indifferent, I behold him pour
Libations on our pavement, stained with gore,
On which he slew my father?—that I can
Support the full-blown pride of this bad man ;
Of him who killed my sire, and wreckless led
My lost, degraded mother to his bed ?

To fear no vengeance for her crimes she dares,
 And this polluted man's embraces shares !
 Proud of her deeds, she celebrates the day
 When to black fate she did my sire betray :
 With festal rites she graces it, and showers
 The blood of sheep to heaven's protecting powers !
 But, wretched, I beneath yon roof still weep,
 And watch, and restless lonely vigils keep ;
 Mourning that feast my father's name which
 bears ;

And when alone, quick fall forbidden tears ;
 Though I may not, as prompts my soul, lament—
 For this my mother clamours to prevent ;
 In haughty terms my wearied ear assails,
 And thus upbraiding, at my sorrow rails :
 " O curse of adverse gods ! perished thy sire
 Alone ? like him do others not expire ?
 Say, are thy griefs peculiar ? mayst thou know
 A respite never of existent woe !—
 May this be sanctioned by the infernal king !"
 Though vain the tidings wretched vagrants bring,
 If these but say Orestes comes, she burns,
 And with infuriate gesture on me turns,

Exclaiming, with loud voice and lofty air,
 "The cause art thou—and this thy pious care;
 Thy care for young Orestes, whom thy hands
 Stole from my own, and sent to distant lands!
 Yet know, ere long shall come a reckoning day,
 When thou a merited revenge shalt pay!"
 Thus, like a dog, she vents her rage; while,

near,

Her glorious spouse excites his consort's fear:
 That coward wretch! that veriest pest! whose
 aid

Are female hands, whene'er he dares t' invade.

But I, alas! for ever vainly wait

Orestes' coming, to amend my fate.

Daily I perish; for he still delays

To venture: and each flattering hope decays,

Present and future. In this sad estate,

My friends, we struggle hopelessly with fate;

Since prudence and religion strive in vain

To break necessity's subduing chain.

CHO. Say, dar'st thou thus complain, while in
 the dome

Ægisthus breathes? or has he left his home?

ELEC. The tyrant is abroad : were he but near,
 These gates I might not pass devoid of fear.—
 The fields detain him.

CHO. Then I boldly may
 My mind declare, Ægisthus being away !

ELEC. Without reserve, for he is absent now.

CHO. Then my brief question answer plainly
 thou—

Think'st thou thy brother will or come or stay ?
 For this I wish to know, if know I may.

ELEC. He sends me flattering promises; but still
 Neglects my expectation to fulfil.

CHO. He who contemplates some illustrious
 deed

Defers his act, the better to succeed.

ELEC. But him, without delay, I saved.

CHO. Confide !
 The valiant youth our safety will provide.

ELEC. I have confided, or this vital air
 Had ceased to breathe—

CHO. Speak not, my child, forbear !—
 Lo ! issuing from the portal's opening fold,
 Thy sister, thy Chrysothemis, behold !

The same your sire, and your maternal bed :
 She brings funereal offerings to the dead.

CHRYE. Why, sister, thus before the palace gate
 Advancing, dost thou vainly mourn thy fate ;
 Nor wilt, by lapse of time, at last be taught ;
 Thy hopes are still with disappointment fraught.
 I too lament : and, if myself I know,
 Were but the power conferred to strike a blow,
 Full soon would manifest if love or hate
 I bear them, but meanwhile submit to fate ;
 Deeming it wiser with contracted sail
 To shun the storm, than perish in the gale :
 I would not seem to dare, and yet be still
 Unable to inflict the slightest ill.
 Do thou likewise : although succumb I must
 To thy superior choice, as right and just ;
 Yet, freely to enjoy the light of day,
 I find in every thing I must obey.

ELÆC. 'Tis sad, that born of such a noble
 sire,
 Forgetting him, thou yield'st to her desire.
 From thy base mother all these teachings kind
 Derived, are not the dictates of thy mind :

Resolve then, either to unwisely dare,
Or prudent, to forget thy friends prepare !
Thou sayest, if thou couldst nerve thy limbs with
strength,

Thy hatred thou wouldst manifest at length ;
Yet thou wilt not co-operate, when I
To avenge my sire would every peril try ;
But me dissuadest from the glorious aim—
Does not this fact thy cowardice proclaim ?
Then say, or learn of me, what lasting gain
Is mine, if ceasing I no more complain.
Do I not live, although my days I grant
Are joyless, I am reconciled to want ;
Exciting guilty terrors, I am still
Content the task of vengeance to fulfil ;
That he who perished, in the realms below
At length appeased may consolation know.
Thou say'st thou hatest ; yet thou hatest not,
Nor, but in words, repinest at thy lot,
Favouring the murderers of thy sire ; while I
Their proffered friendship anxiously deny,
Reject their bounty, and would scorn to live
Like thee on delicacies foes can give.

For thee alone be spread the generous board
 With copious plenty's vast exhaustless hoard.
 To grieve them only be my food and health !
 I covet not thy honours, or thy wealth ;
 Thou ought'st not to wish more if just desire
 Had warmed thy soul with an exalted fire.
 Sprung of the noblest parent, basely now
 His name reject, thy mother's blood avow !
 Thus thy dead father and his friends betray.

CHO. Yield not to passion, by the gods I
 pray !

In either's words advantage may be sought,
 And thou by her, and she by thee be taught.

CHRYs. But I, my friends, to her discourse
 inured,
 Had still without complaint her rage endured ;
 I would not even recollect her wrath,
 Had I not heard that danger crossed her path,
 Which may these lingering sorrows cause to cease.

ELEC. Speak ! name that peril ! can my woes
 increase ?

If thou canst prove they can, I straight obey,
 Nor will I more thy sentiments gainsay.

CHRY. All that I know I'll tell—thy foes incline

To send thee hence, unless thou cease to pine,
To where, excluded from Sol's glorious light,
In hopeless durance, thou may'st vent thy spite,
And hymn thy woes, far from this land conveyed :
Reflect, or cease a sister to upbraid
When suffering most ; even now at last be wise !

ELEC. 'Gainst me, they meditate this bold em-
prize !

CHRY. And when Ægisthus comes, they will
achieve.

ELEC. Soon may he come, I ask not a re-
prieve.

CHRY. O, wretched woman, thus to imprecate
A weight of woe !

ELEC. Oh, may he not be late,
Since this exalted deed perform he will !

CHRY. Art thou insane, thus prone to suffer
ill ?

ELEC. Rather from you, far as I may, I fly.

CHRY. Thy present life has then no charms,—
reply !

ELEC. Certes, my life is wonderfully glad !

CHRY. Joyous it were, didst thou not make it
sad.

ELEC. Instruct me not to act a treacherous
part

Towards those I love !

CHRY. In semblance, not at heart,
Yield to the mighty.

ELEC. Such advice for thee
Were fitting counsel ; it becomes not me.

CHRY. It is not good unwisely to expire.

ELEC. Yet if need be I fall to avenge my
sire :

CHRY. Who, though we live, will pardon the
offence.

ELEC. Of cowards such is ever the pretence.

CHRY. Thou wilt not yield, nor my sage coun-
sel heed ?

ELEC. To do so, I must be unwise indeed.

CHRY. Then to fulfil my task, my steps I
bend.

ELEC. With those burnt-offerings, whither do
they tend ?

CHRY. With these, for so my mother bids, I pay
Due tribute at my father's tomb.

ELEC. Oh, stay !
Bear you those gifts to her most hated foe ?

CHRY. To him she slew ; for this you mean I
know.

ELEC. Obeys she then some friend, who this
desires ?

CHRY. I deem far rather night-born fear inspires.

ELEC. Paternal deities accord you aid !

CHRY. Say, has this fear some new reliance
made ?

ELEC. Relate the dream, and I my hopes will
show.

CHRY. To speak the truth, of it I little know.

ELEC. Say what thou know'st ; for from a little
known

Great mischiefs and great benefits have grown.

CHRY. 'Tis rumoured that she saw, in vast af-
fright,
Our father's image seek this upper light ;
Who seized the beamy sceptre, (which of yore,
As now Ægisthus bears, Atrides bore,)

And planted on his own domestic hearth ;
 Upward it sprang, and gave a verdant birth,
 O'er Argolis, whose ample shadow spread :
 I know but this her dream, as it was said
 By one who heard the queen at Phœbus' shrine
 The vision tell, with prayer for aid divine.
 And now, commissioned to assuage her fear,
 These offerings to my father's tomb I bear.
 By our paternal gods, be not unwise,
 Nor rashly my admonishing despise,
 And perish so ; for if thou still reject,
 Repent thou mayst, when I may not protect !

ELEC. Yet, sister, with the gifts thy hands now
 bear,

To that dear tomb I bid thee not repair !
 'Twere impious, at his hostile queen's command,
 To proffer them with sacrilegious hand,
 Or to his manes pour the cleansing spring :—
 Those let the winds disperse on airy wing ;
 Or hide them deep in earth, that no one may
 Thence to our father's place of rest convey :
 There be the treasure held, until the day
 When fate shall summon the proud queen away !

Of all who ever breathed this vital air,
 She only dared funereal gifts prepare,
 She only dared profane libations pour,
 For him she caused to welter in his gore !
 The tenant of yon solitary tomb,
 Dishonoured by a consort, found his doom ;
 While the same hand that stretched him with the
 dead,
 Presumed to lave the blood-gouts from his head !
 Sister, reflecting justly, canst believe
 He ought, as from a friend, these gifts receive ?
 Can these absolve her from foul murder's crime ?
 No, never ! But do thou forbear in time ;
 Shortening the well-combed honours of thy head,
 Give them, with mine, a tribute to the dead.
 These locks neglected, with my simple zone
 Devoid of ornament are yet my own,
 The present I admit seems slight and poor,
 Let it be my excuse—I have no more !
 Then go, and bending on thy knees, require,
 Even from his tomb, th' assistance of our sire :
 Pray that our foes, with his propitious aid,
 Orestes may successfully invade ;

And o'er their prostrate forms victorious tread :
 Then richer gifts shall deck his lowly bed.
 Let but his valiant son, Orestes, live,
 And nobler offerings to his shade we give !
 These things may claim our father's care, I
 deem :

And he it was who sent th' obnoxious dream.
 Consult thy safety, aid our fond desire,
 And solace our dear, murdered, common sire !

CHO. Right-piously the maiden's words are
 said,

And may not by the wise be disobeyed.

CHRY. I yield ; for what is clearly just com-
 mands

That we strive not, but aid with mutual hands.
 Accord me silence, by the gods I pray ;
 For if my mother hear these things, she may
 My bold attempt with bitter woes repay !

CHO. Unless I prophecy in vain,
 By wisdom's law deserted,
 Revenge, the messenger of pain,
 Which may not be averted,

Of power invincible, ere long,
 Dear child, shall hither come,
 In justice making strong
 Our hands, to strike well home.
 That sweetly soothing vision,
 I gladly heard of late,
 Has caused me to rely on
 The avenging hand of fate :
 Nor does the Grecian king,
 Thy sire, his wrongs forget ;
 His murderers he shall bring
 To condign suffering yet :
 Still warns that axe of brass,
 Which, double-edged and old,
 Destroyed thy sire, alas !
 With rage not to be told.

The many-footed, many-handed dame,
 Whom now some dread retreat conceals,
 Her whom Erinny's trembling mortals name,
 Whose brazen step her dire approach reveals,
 Again shall come, as first she came,
 To lend her fatal aid

And those chastise, who, of their fame
 Regardless, dared t' invade
 The marriage bed ; nor, unrestrained
 By every holier tie,
 From blackest murder's guilt refrained !
 Therefore I now rely,
 This omen future woe portends,
 And that black fate is nigh
 The murderers and their friends.
 If from the vision of the night
 No benefit accrue,
 To trust in dreams is never right,
 No oracle is true.

O fatal skill, equestrian lore !
 By Pelops once essayed ;
 Pernicious art ! now, as of yore,
 What havoc hast thou made
 In Argive land ! For, since the day
 When in the briny wave,
 Hurl'd from his golden car away,
 Myrtilus found a grave,

Such is our sad estate,
 Perpetual mischief reigns
 Within our palace gate,
 Begetting pains on pains.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ELECTRA, THE PEDAGOGUE,
 THE CHORUS.

CLY. Once more at large, indulging vain desire,
 You vent against your friends your spleen and
 ire.

Ægisthus is away, who could debar
 Thine exit, and control thy wordy war ;
 But, in his absence, disregarding still
 My mandate, thou art ever prone to ill ;
 Asserting that, despising thee, I hold
 The sceptre with a hand unjust and bold.
 Thus dost thou bring contempt on thee and thine,
 Yet no contemptuous, haughty soul is mine :

But still I must reproach thee, since I hear
 Thy frequent chidings with unwilling ear.
 Thy sire (for this is ever thy pretence)
 Died by my hands ;—admitted the offence.
 Nor shall my faltering tongue the deed disown ;
 'Twas justice slew him, and not I alone.
 Hadst thou been wise, thou too hadst lent thine
 aid,

With hostile steel thy father to invade ;
 The only Greek who gave thy sister's life
 An offering to the sacrificial knife.
 I ween much less his anguish and affright
 When he begat, than when I gave her light :
 But grant it equal, tell me for whose sake
 He dared my daughter as his victim take ?
 Perhaps thou'lt name the Greeks—what right had
 they
 Mine injured offspring in their cause to slay ?
 Or did he for his brother kill the maid ?—
 And ought I not with blood to be repaid ?
 Say, had not Menelaus offspring twain,
 Whom, rather than my child, he might have
 slain ?

Came they not of a mother, for whose sake
 The Greeks were led this voyage to undertake?
 Did he who reigns in hades, gloomy power,
 Rather than Helen's, my lost child devour?
 Or had parental fondness fled his breast
 Depraved, which Menelaus still possessed?
 Did not that act of a bad father seem?
 I think so;—otherwise perchance you deem;—
 And so would my dead child, if, to complain,
 The boon of life she might resume again.
 Therefore no guilty terrors shake my mind;
 Yet, since thou deem'st me to my failings blind,
 And still averse from reason's sacred laws,
 With probity against us urge thy cause.

ELÆC. This once at least thou canst not say,
 that I

Begin the contest, or provoke reply:
 But if thou grant me what I can to say
 For my dead sire and sister, I obey.

CLY. I grant it. Didst thou always thus be-
 gin,
 With courteous accent our assent to win,
 To hear were no annoyance.

ELEC.

I essay

To speak. Thou ownest, thou didst my father slay :
 Was e'er confession more depraved than this,
 Whether thou slewest him justly or amiss ?
 But I will tell thee, he unjustly died ;
 For that base man, of whom thou art the bride,
 Urged thee to blood.—Of Artemis demand,
 Why she detained the winds on Aulis' strand—
 For what inextinguishable crime ? Or rather, I
 Will tell ; to thee she would not deign reply.
 My sire, as I have heard, in quest of game,
 Upon a time, through Dian's forest came,
 And roused, with eager foot, the savage prey,
 A lofty stag, that in dense covert lay :
 My sire, forthwith, the dappled quarry slew,
 And from his lip some vain expression flew :
 For this offence, Latona's offspring still
 Detained the Greeks, her vengeance to fulfil,
 Dooming Atrides should his daughter's life
 Give for the stag. Thus died she by the knife,
 Thus perished for the Greeks ; who else had
 mourned
 In Aulis, nor to Grecian homes returned,

Nor else had Ilium reached. Compelled, my sire
 At length resigned his daughter to the fire ;
 Resigned, with many a pang, the child he loved ;
 Nor to indulge his brother was he moved.
 But grant it thus—say that the maiden died
 To gratify a brother's rage or pride ;
 Was this a reason wherefore thou shouldst slay
 Thy lord and husband ? By what law, I pray ?
 Take heed, lest, if this rule thou give to men,
 They with like vengeance visit thee again !
 If for the slain we must a murderer kill,
 Dying ere long thou mayst that law fulfil.
 Beware lest thy defence prove weak as vain ;
 Or, if thou wilt thy baseness now explain :
 Say wherefore having massacred my sire,
 Indulging all thy low and lewd desire,
 Thou takest a vile assassin to thy bed,
 By whom, and thee, my hapless father bled ;
 Bearing to him the fruits of guilty love,
 While from thy sight thou dost the good re-
 move ;
 The good who live, sprung from the good who fell ?
 How can I laud these acts, or thou repel ?

Wilt thou assert it was thine aim to take
 Due vengeance for thy slaughtered offspring's
 sake?

The shame is no less thine ; for decent pride
 Forbade thee to become a murderer's bride ;
 To wed, to avenge thy child. It is, in sooth,
 Ever unlawful to declare the truth,
 To warn thee of thy peril, because still
 Thou claim'st a mother's privilege and will ;
 Thou call'st us disobedient if we blame:
 But I must brand thee with a despot's name ;
 Not call thee mother, since with painful strife
 Thou and thy paramour oppress my life.
 My brother scarce escaped thy slaughtering hand,
 Drags out existence in a foreign land.
 That much-enduring youth, by my fond care,
 Which thou so often blamest, avoids thy snare ;
 For he, thou saidst, would an avenger grow
 Under my pupilage, to work thee woe.
 And well thou know'st, had I the power possessed,
 Long since Orestes had our wrongs redressed.
 Do therefore thou to all upbraid my name,
 Since so it needs must be, with guilt and shame :

Say that my tongue drops gall, and that my mind
 In impudence surpasseth all my kind :
 For since these qualities are mine by birth,
 I shall not quite disgrace maternal worth.

CHO. A wrathful maid I see; but whether
 right

Or wrong as yet views not my mental light.

CLY. To quell her fury, who dares thus abuse
 A mother, what persuasion can I use ?
 Although of tender age, appears she not
 Prepared for crime, all modesty forgot ?

ELEC. Learn that I glow with an indignant
 shame

For words which ill become a maiden's name,
 Though thou perceive not ; but thy hostile mind
 And acts compel me this resource to find,
 For shameful deeds to words of shame incline,
 And hence my conduct has a taint of thine.

CLY. Oh, impudence of youth ! do I, by word
 Or deed, this licence to thy tongue afford ?

ELEC. Thou speak'st thy shame, not I. Thine
 was the deed ;
 And flagrant acts find ready words at need !

CLY. By Artemis! for thy free speech this
day,

When hither comes Ægisthus, thou shalt pay!

ELEC. Behold, thy wrath is kindled! Then in
vain

Gav'st thou me leave to speak in language plain.

CLY. Declare, since thus I bade thee speak thy
mind,

Even when the omens favourable I find,

Dost thou forbid to offer rites divine?

ELEC. Forbid! I urge thee to frequent the
shrine:

Go, sacrifice!—nor to accuse me seek

Again, for my closed lips no more shall speak.

CLY. Thou, who stand'st ready to assist me,
lift,

Composed of every fruit, the sacred gift;

Thus I my vows may to king Phœbus pay,

That he may chase my terror far away.

Hear then, Apollo, guardian of our gate,

My prayer, which I in whispers now relate:—

To breathe our secret in Electra's ear

Were as unsafe as if a foe were near;

Inflamed by envy, her ungoverned tongue
 Might spread vain rumours through the vulgar
 throng.—

Thus therefore hear me, thus my prayers I say,
 Lycian Apollo ! glorious king of day !
 Grant, if the double vision of the night
 Be prosperous, that we may have dreamed aright ;
 If adverse, let it with our foes remain,
 And may these strive t' o'erthrow our house in
 vain.

If any would my present bliss destroy,
 To shield a suppliant queen thy power em-
 ploy ;

That I may thus possess, in tranquil life,
 This palace and these sceptres free from strife ;
 And may the friends I daily view around,
 Ever my path felicitous surround :
 Be near my side the children who obey,
 Nor pride nor bitterness of soul betray :
 Lycian Apollo, this auspicious hour,
 Do thou on me and mine choice blessings shower !
 The rest, although in silence I remain,
 I deem my secret wishes will explain ;

Thou canst divine my sentiments untold ;
The sons of Jove our closest thoughts behold !

(Enters) PEDAGOGUE.

Is this the palace, gentle strangers, tell,
Of king Ægisthus ?

CHO. You have guessed right well :
His mansion this—if seeking it you came.

PED. And do I now behold his noble dame ?
Who with majestic port and princely mien
Superior moves, and looks, at once a queen !

CHO. Even so, before thine eyes she stands
confessed.

PED. Hail, queen ! to thee my message is ad-
dressed ;

Nor wilt thou blame th' intelligence I bring
From a tried friend to thee and to the king.

CLY. Thy message I admit :—but first de-
clare

Who bade thee thy glad tidings hither bear !

PED. The Phocian Phanoteus sent me straight,
Deeming the news to be of utmost weight.

CLY. What news ? O guest, declare, since from
a friend

Thou comest, who prized intelligence would send !

PED. Brief are the news—Orestes is no more !

ELEC. Wretch that I am, my life is this day
o'er !

CLY. Heed not her words—speak, speak the
news again !

PED. Orestes died : I say as I said then.

ELEC. And wretched I am dead ; am nothing
now !

CLY. Attend thy own affairs. Meanwhile do
thou,

O stranger, truly to mine ears relate,

Both how and when Orestes met his fate !

PED. Sent to this end, I will the whole pro-
claim :—

To the illustrious sports of Greece he came ;

He saw the preparations for the fight,

Where Delphic laurels crown the victor's might.

Soon as a herald's sounding voice he heard

Announce the race of chariots was preferred

For the first trial, splendid he stood forth,
 And all the admiring crowd confessed his worth :
 Reaching, by his superior skill, the goal,
 He gained the conqueror's palm, elate of soul.—
 To sum all in few words, I never viewed
 Another champion with such might indued.
 This one thing learn, he all the prizes gained,
 Five times the barriers of the race attained,
 (The barriers fixed by those who ruled the game,)
 While far re-echoed his victorious name :
 Argive Orestes, happiest that day found
 With loud applause was heralded around,
 Brave son of him, who had the Grecian host
 Once armed, and led to Ilium's fatal coast.
 Thus far he prospered ; but not even the strong
 Escapes, if any god will do him wrong.
 For, on another day, when rose the sun,
 Ere yet the rapid contest was begun,
 Orestes came with an equestrian band :—
 One was from Argos, one from Sparta's strand ;
 Two Libyan heroes in their chariots came ;
 Himself the fifth, led to the field of fame

Thessalian steeds; with yellow coursers rode
 The sixth; Magnesia was the seventh's abode;
 Leucippus was the eighth, of Ænian line;
 The ninth from Athens, built by hands divine;
 Bœotia's hero the last chariot graced:—
 These, drawn by lot, the arbiters had placed:
 They stand until the trumpet's clangours wind
 In brazen notes, then leave the goal behind.
 The chiefs loud shouting, an impatient throng,
 Shook their loose reins, and urged their steeds
 along:

The din of creaking axles filled the race,
 And the tumultuous clamour of the chace.
 At once the eddy dust was whirled on high,
 The charioteers ceased not the scourge to ply,
 Though mixed in dire confusion, that they might
 O'ertake each other in the rapid flight,
 Passing their rivals' wheels, and leave behind
 The steeds, which o'er their shoulders breathed
 the wind,
 And foamed upon their backs, and whitened
 too
 The circling axles as they swiftly flew.

But now Orestes the last barrier gained ;
 His potent arm the left-hand steed restrained,
 Giving his fellow rein, that near the goal
 Their pace might his victorious chariot roll.
 Each car erect and safe its flight maintained ;
 The Ænian chief his steeds too loosely reined :
 When seven times was measured o'er the course,
 These bore away their car with headstrong force :
 Returning from the goal, they madly flew,
 The Lybian chariot in their pace o'erthrew ;
 In one destruction were both chariots lost,
 And from his seat to earth each leader tost ;
 Whilst all around that wide Crisæan plain
 The scattered remnants of the cars remain.
 This when the ardent Attic chief beheld,
 His reins with tightened hand he strongly
 held,

And bent his course aside, to turn away
 From the dire ruin of the middle way,
 He left the equestrian tumult on the plain.
 Then came Orestes, latest of the train,
 With steeds inferior, but elate of soul,
 In confidence to reach the destined goal ;

Seeing one only rival in the race,
 He urged, with thundering voice, his coursers'
 pace,

Following in swift career. Soon side by side
 The chiefs with equal yokes their horses plied;
 While neither could outstrip, though, to the sight,
 Each hero's head was foremost in the flight
 Alternately. Orestes now had gained
 The field, and naught but the last goal remained;
 The ill-starred hero loosened his left rein,
 As turned his flying courser on the plain,
 Nor saw the mark was neared; and instant broke
 The wheel, and fell himself beneath the yoke,
 Entangled in the reins: wide o'er the course
 His startled horses rushed with headlong force.
 The assembled crowd, who saw the youth o'er-
 thrown,

Raised, as to earth he fell, one general moan;
 Lamenting the dire fate which now oppressed
 The hero whom their late applause had blessed,
 For noble deeds performed:—in rapid flight
 Now dragged along the ground—distressing
 sight—

With legs high pointing to the skies. At last,
 His squire detained the coursers as they past,
 And from the reins his bleeding form released,
 So changed, no friend recognised the deceased.
 Straight on a pyre his mighty corpse they burn,
 And place his ashes in a narrow urn.
 That brazen urn elected Phocians bear,
 In his paternal soil due rites to share.
 Such is the story of the hero's fate,
 Dreadful to see, dire even to relate !
 Of all the scenes these aged orbs e'er knew,
 That was most sorrowful to th' afflicted view.

CHO. Alas ! the race which o'er us held command,
 Is now, it seems, uprooted from the land !

CLY. O Jove, what great events !—nor yet I
 may

If happy or unhappy truly say :—
 At least, they bring advantage. Still, to owe
 My life to my own ills is deepest woe.

PED. Why does my message thus oppress thy
 mind ?

CLY. Hard is a parent's fate :—although unkind

Her offspring prove, fond nature claims her part,
And hatred ne'er possessed a mother's heart.

PED. It therefore seems we hither came in
vain.

CLY. Not so, far otherwise thy words ex-
plain,

Confirming (beyond doubt) Orestes' fate ;
Who still pursued me with relentless hate
For his paternal loss ; although he owed
To me the blood which in his bosom flowed.
Scarce had he left these breasts, from me he fled
To foreign lands, by strangers to be fed ;
Nor since that hour has he this form reviewed.
Then deem not that in vain thy words intrude :
For dread of him hath ruthless chased away
Sweet slumber from mine eyes by night and day !
Time, as he urged each hour on silent wing,
Seemed the dire presage of my death to bring.
To-day my fears of both my offspring rest,
For still she was the more domestic pest,
And my life's blood she drained ; but now, at
last,
Our days without her threatening may be passed.

ELEC. Ah, wretched me! for now in sad estate,

Beloved Orestes, shall I mourn thy fate.

Compassion dwells not in thy parent's mind,

Who still upbraids thee with discourse unkind—

Say, is this right?

CLY. Thou art not in the right;

Orestes is so in his present plight.

ELEC. Hear, Nemesis, accord his prayer who
died!

CLY. Already has she heard, and well replied.

ELEC. Now proudly taunt us, since thy joys
increase.

CLY. You and Orestes fain would make them
cease.

ELEC. Ourselves have ceased, therefore we lose
the power

To tame thy pride.

CLY. In a thrice happy hour,

Stranger, thy footsteps hither bent their way,

If thou have tamed the shrew's discourse to-day.

PED. Leave to depart's the only boon I name,
If my report may vindicate the claim.

CLY. I grant it not ; for this would ill become
 Ourselves, and him who sent thee to our home.
 Enter, and leave Electra here to groan
 Over her friend's misfortune and her own.

ELÆC. Think ye she mourns her son's untimely
 fate,

With ceaseless tears and lamentations great,
 As a true, weeping, sorrowing mother ought ?
 With smiles of joy the palace door she sought.
 Oh, miserable me ! thy fate destroys,
 Beloved Orestes, both my life and joys !
 With thee the sole remaining hope is fled,
 That thou wouldst yet avenge our father dead,
 And all thy sister's wrongs. Where shall I bend
 My solitary steps without a friend ?
 Without a brother's and a father's aid,
 Subject to murderers I shall be made,
 And doomed to wait on that abhorred train :
 What consolations of my lot remain ?
 I will be their reluctant slave no more,
 But, at these gates extended, here deplore
 My fate which destines me to pine away
 Hopeless, and friendless, drooping day by day.

Then, if my woes importunate annoy
 Those who within consume their time in joy,
 Let them, affording to mine ills relief,
 Take my sad life, and terminate my grief!

CHO. Where are Jove's thunders sleeping,
 Far-darting Phœbus, where ?
 Can these due watch be keeping,
 Yet still the miscreants spare ?

ELEC. Ah, ah ! oh, oh !

CHO. Why weep you now,
 My child ?

ELEC. Alas !

CHO. Mourn not too far ;
 Your words o'erwhelm, destroy me !

CHO. How !

ELEC. They, I know, departed are

To Pluto's realms : then cease

To flatter hopes in vain,

Which but my woes increase !

CHO. I seek to calm thy pain !

For golden toy, 'twas believed,

King Amphiaraus erst,

By female fraud deceived,

Was in black fate immerst,

And now in realms below.

ELEC. Ah, ah! oh, oh!

CHO.

A monarch reigns

Immortal.

ELEC. Ah, ah! woe!

CHO. By a bad woman's pains

He fell, and hence we shed

These tears.

ELEC. She was compelled

To yield.

CHO. She was.

ELEC. And bled,

By stern avenger felled.

But I have none to aid;

My only help and friend,

Away by fate conveyed,

Can no assistance lend.

CHO. Ah, wretch, what ills are thine!

ELEC. Yes, these I more than know,

With tenfold mischief, mine ;

Evils on evils grow !

CHO. We own thy cause of sorrow.

ELEC. Give consolation o'er,

Since from it I can borrow—

CHO. What sayest thou ?—

ELEC.

No more

The hope I once possessed,

That my great brother might

My wishes yet have blessed,

And reassumed our right.

CHO. Fate comes alike to all.

ELEC. In the swift chariot race

Each is not doomed to fall,

As was his wretched case.

CHO. Unlooked for ill !

ELEC.

He died

Without my friendly hand !

CHO. Oh, dire !

ELEC.

Without a tomb to hide,

Unmourned in foreign land !

CHRYSOthemis, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

CHRYs. Gladly relinquishing my person's care,
To thee, loved sister, welcome news I bear ;
And with quick step, that now the woes may
cease

Which have so long intruded on thy peace.

ELEC. Where canst thou comfort for those sor-
rows find,

For which no mitigation owns my mind ?

CHRYs. Orestes comes—is here ! Know this
from me,

Truly, as now thine eyes my person see !

ELEC. Poor wretch ! thou art insane, and dar'st
deride

Thy sorrow, and thy sister's woe beside !

CHRYs. By our paternal hearth, in earnest now
I speak ! my truth his presence shall avow
Ere long.

ELEC. Alas ! by vain discourse deceived,
The flatterer hast thou too much believed !

CHRY. I know, instructed by my own clear
sight,
And not from others', that my words are right.

ELEC. What futile hope can confidence in-
spire !

Whence burns thy soul with this consuming fire ?

CHRY. First, by the gods ! attend the news I
bear,

And then my words sage or unwise declare.

ELEC. Speak on, if thou in speaking pleasure
find !

CHRY. What I have seen I speak with willing
mind :—

Lo ! from the summit of that ancient bust
Which marks the spot where rests Atrides' dust,
I saw, approaching, milky drops distil,
Which late had flowed in a more copious rill ;
While round the tomb, by recent friendship spread,
Hung flowery chaplets to adorn the dead ;
There mingled every hue that decks the plain :
I look for him who brought them, but in vain,

For no one hovered nigh, and all around
 Reign'd tranquil silence o'er the hallowed ground;
 With solemn, reverential steps I tread
 Nearer the dwelling of the mighty dead,
 And on the summit of the tomb behold
 A votive gift—shorn locks of waving gold :
 The moment that I saw, my mind inspired,
 In fancy, viewed the form it most desired,
 And by indubitable signs could trace
 Orestes, dearest of the human race.
 I raised the tresses in my hand and prayed ;
 But naught of ill, naught unpropitious said.
 Instant with tears of joy mine eyelids fill :
 What then I thought, I firmly credit still—
 Orestes only this adornment placed ;
 For none but thee or me such act had graced :
 I did it not at least, this well I know,
 Nor you, who to the temple dare not go,
 Who with impunity depart not hence
 Even when the sacred rites afford pretence ;
 Nor to our mother would such action yield
 Solace, nor had she thus the deed concealed.

Orestes brought these gifts ;—therefore confide !
 The powers no more protect the impious side :
 Erst were they hostile to our cause—to-day
 Kind Fortune smiles, atoning for delay.

ELEC. I weep thy folly, mourn thy sad estate !

CHRY. Say, lov'st thou not the tidings I relate ?

ELEC. Thou know'st not where thou art, nor in what mind.

CHRY. Why should I not?—say, deem'st thou I am blind ?

ELEC. Wretch, he is dead ! From thy false hopes refrain,

Since all reliance on his arm is vain.

CHRY. Alas ! such direful tidings who might tell ?

ELEC. One that was present when my brother fell.

CHRY. And where is he ? I own new cause of fear.

ELEC. Within : our mother gives him welcome cheer.

CHRY. Ah, wretched me ! Who at the tomb
might place

The many offerings which our father grace ?

ELEC. The gifts thou saw'st some friendly hand
has spread,
In sad memorial of Orestes dead.

CHRY. Unhappy me ! hither in haste I
came,
Rejoiced such glad intelligence to name,
Unknown as yet this woe : but now I find
Ills, past and present, to afflict my mind.

ELEC. Such being thy forlorn estate, obey
My words, and help this sorrow to allay !

CHRY. Can I then raise the dead ?

ELEC. I mean not so ;
Nor am I thus insane !

CHRY. Then let me know
Thy mandate. If I can discharge thy trust—

ELEC. What I shall bid thee bear, sustain thou
must.

CHRY. Behold me ready, if aught can be
done !

ELEC. Lo, nothing without toil is ever won !

CHRY. This know I, and what strength permits, will bear.

ELEC. Attend to what I am resolved to dare :
 Thou know'st our desolate and friendless state,
 Deprived of all, by an unsparing fate.
 Hades retains our friends, and we alone
 Are left, for them and for ourselves to groan.
 Long as I heard Orestes breathed this air,
 Hopes of his coming bade me not despair ;
 His sword I hoped would yet avenge our sire,
 But now I see frustrated my desire.
 To thee I look :—I bid thee not delay,
 With me, thy father's murderer to slay !
 Expel all cold reserve, and trust mine ear ;
 How long wilt thou thus indolent appear ?
 What happy prospect has thy mind in view ?
 And dost thou not these dire privations rue !
 Weep'st thou not for the wealth our foe detains ;
 Condemned thyself to celibacy's pains ;
 Condemned, in an unwedded, hopeless state,
 To waste thy life, and quaff the dregs of hate ?
 Hope not, while thus inactive we remain,
 That ever thou love's blessings mayst obtain !

His private good too well Ægisthus knows,
 To aid a race that must his own oppose.
 But, if thou wilt my bold command obey,
 Our slaughtered sire and brother thanks shall
 pay ;

Free born thyself, thus shalt thou freedom gain,
 And nuptials worthy of thy blood attain.
 All seek their own advantage. Great renown,
 If thou obey me, shall our efforts crown ;
 Beholding, as we pace the public way,
 Shall not each citizen and stranger say—
 “ O friends ! these two illustrious orphans see,
 Who have their own paternal house made free ;
 Who, great above their sex, have bravely stood
 To pour a strong, exulting rival's blood :
 These all must for their fortitude revere,
 On days of solemn rite, or festive cheer,
 Living or dead, still glorious on the earth.”
 Thus shall mankind pay homage to our worth :
 Sister, beloved, consent ; assist thy sire,
 Thy brother aid, and grant my fond desire ;
 Bid all mine evils and thy own depart,
 And be this maxim rooted in thy heart—

'Tis shameful that the nobly born should share
Disgrace, which only cowards ought to bear !

CHO. Sage counsel this, and may, maturely
weighed,

Alike the hearer and the speaker aid.

CHRY. And had she but a prudent mind re-
tained,

With more reserve she had her sorrows named.
Where dost thou look for help, and why com-
mand,

To aid thy desperate arm, my feeble hand ?
Seest thou thyself not woman ? Armed to war,
Doubtless thine enemies are stronger far :
On them the powers their daily gifts bestow ;
Averse from us, they still augment our woe.
Who that would fain a man so potent kill,
Can hope to find immunity from ill ?
Beware ! lest in reserve a direr pain
For us, if heard, may yet untried remain !
If fame with an unworthy death be bought,
It will not free us, will not profit aught.
To die is not most hateful, but to will
Our death and be unable to fulfil.

ELEC. Thy wisdom to pursue it fits me
well !

CHRY. Thou shalt precede, if thy advice ex-
cel.

ELEC. Rightly to speak, but still to err, is dire.

CHRY. The cure thou seek'st for me, thine ills
require.

ELEC. Have I not right and justice on my
side ?

CHRY. Sometimes misfortune doth the right
betide.

ELEC. Rules so depraved shall not my life con-
strain.

CHRY. But, if thou yield, to laud me thou
shalt deign.

ELEC. Still I will act, nor dread these fears of
thine.

CHRY. Art thou resolved ? Exchange thy mood
for mine !

ELEC. Than evil counsel nothing worse I
find.

CHRY. To heed my counsel, thou art disin-
clined.

ELEC. My resolutions are not newly made.

CHRY. I go; my words unwilling ears invade:

Thou wilt not deign my caution to approve,
Nor can I e'er thy present manners love.

ELEC. Depart! Not at thy prayer, will I again
Seek thy advice, thus frivolous and vain.

CHRY. But since thou art indeed, in thy own
eyes,

Thus wise and prudent, prudent be, and wise:
Thou shalt, however, on some evil day,
Admit that I have shown the better way.

CHO. The feathered race regarding,
Who wing the fields of air,
Their wisdom well remarking,
And their prudential care,
O let us imitate
Their filial toil and love;
Nor yield, in our estate,
To those who soar above.
O, by Jove's thunder, we,
By heavenly Themis too,

A dire revenge shall see,
 And our injustice rue !
 O Fame ! through realms of death,
 With awful voice, proclaim
 To th' Atridæ underneath,
 Their misery and shame.

Their house is desolate,
 Their daughters disagree ;
 Nor can their rage and hate
 In love composed be.
 Forlorn Electra, tost
 On passion's stormy wave,
 Laments her father lost,
 Nor ceases still to rave.
 She mourns like Philomel,
 Prepared at once to die,
 If those two fiends of hell
 But share her destiny.
 Sprung of a noble race, what other fair
 Could such accumulated evil bear ?

No truly noble mind,
 Consents a glorious name

By wrong obscured to find,
 But vindicates its fame ;
 Therefore hast thou preferred
 In grief to pass thy days ;
 Opposing deeds abhorred,
 To win a twofold praise !
 Of filial love to bear
 The high reward be thine,
 For thou to memory dear
 Shalt wise and virtuous shine !

Mayst thou thy foes surpass,
 In wealth as well as power,
 As much as thou, alas !
 Art subject at this hour :
 For I have seen thee bearing
 Of adverse fate the wrong,
 Inspired with noblest daring,
 By piety made strong !

ORESTES, ELECTRA, THE PEDAGOGUE,
CHORUS.

ORES. Have we been well informed, O maidens
say,

And have we rightly entered on our way ?

CHO. What seekest thou—say, wherefore art
thou come ?

ORES. I seek Ægisthus—lead me to his home.

CHO. Well hast thou sped, and justly wert thou
told ;

These are his halls which now thine eyes be-
hold.

ORES. To those within the dome my presence
name

And ask admittance, on a friendly claim !

CHO. Request this nymph to them in blood
allied !

ORES. Go thou at once, I may not be denied,

And tell Ægisthus that some Phocians wait
Charged with affairs of interest, at his gate.

ELEC. Dost thou, alas ! the certain proof convey

Of news which lately came that very way ?

ORES. Thy news I ken not. Strophius sent me
here,

About Orestes his report to bear.

ELEC. Stranger, what may it be ? Dire fear persuades

My soul that some dread cause of woe invades !

ORES. Lo ! in this urn his small remains are
laid,

And hither by our care have been conveyed.

ELEC. Ah, wretched me ! these tidings then
are true ;

My grief confirmed and palpable I view !

ORES. If for Orestes thus thy sorrows flow,
That here his ashes rest I bid thee know !

ELEC. O stranger ! if this urn indeed enfold
His ashes, grant that I the vase may hold !
Thus shall I weep, myself and all my line
Extinguished, with the dust of what was mine !

ORES. Commit it to her hands: whoe'er
she be,

Seeking this boon, she is no foe to me :
Some friend, some relative to him who died !

ELEC. Memorial of our dearest hope and pride,
Of thy great form does only this remain ?
Does thus Orestes meet his friends again !
What different hopes dared my fond mind conceive,

From those with which I now his bones receive !
I sent thee from our palace young and fair,
Now in these hands thy nothingness I bear !
Oh ! had I died, ere to prolong thy life,
My care preserved thee from the murderer's
knife ;

Sending thee far in foreign lands to roam,
When rescued from the menaced fate at home :
Then hadst thou perished on the day when died
Thy mighty sire, and slumbered by his side !
Far from thy halls, far from thy native land,
And far from me, thou diedst on foreign strand ;
While wretched I am the last rites denied,
To wash thy body in the limpid tide ;

To raise thy limbs upon the funeral pyre,
 As custom and affection's laws require :
 By foreign hands that sacred office paid,
 Thy fleeting dust in this small urn is laid.
 Ah, wretched me ! those tender cares are vain,
 Which cost me once for thee incessant pain :
 Thy mother loved thee less than I, who still
 For thee each menial duty would fulfil :
 With a fond sister's voice thine ear I won ;—
 But thou art dead, and every hope is gone !
 Thou, like a rapid tempest, in thy flight,
 Hast snatched away all that could yield de-
 light.

My father died—with thee, I perished ! Thou,
 My only joy of late, art nothing now !
 Our foes deride us ; and with pleasure wild
 Th' unnatural mother triumphs o'er her child !
 For oft thou didst this secret message send,
 That thy avenging arm our woes should end.
 But this our fates malignantly forbade ;
 Thy beauty useless dust, and shadow made !
 Ah me ! ah me ! Oh, wretched dust ! Oh ! oh !
 Oh ! oh ! thou com'st ambassador of woe !

Me, brother, thou hast ruined, ruined quite ;
 Therefore admit me to thy urn of right,
 That I, a thing of naught, to nothing joined,
 In realms beneath, abode with thee may find :
 Since, when thou livedst, we shared an equal
 doom,

Fain would I not desert thee in the tomb ;
 Nor be excluded from its peaceful rest :
 I see the dead are not by grief distrest.

CHO. Thy sire was mortal, loved Electra know,
 So was Orestes—cease from fruitless woe,
 All, all a common destiny must share.

ORES. What shall I say? I hardly can for-
 bear—

Nor my too eager, struggling words restrain.

ELEC. Whence are thy sorrows—speak thy
 cause of pain ?

ORES. Electra's is that noble form of thine ?

ELEC. Afflicted as it is, 'tis hers and mine.

ORES. Ah me ! this dire misfortune grieves my
 mind !

ELEC. Say, stranger, why for me these feelings
 kind ?

ORES. Oh, form dishonoured, impiously oppressed !

ELEC. Is it for me thy woe is thus expressed ?

ORES. Alas, thy wedless, miserable state !

ELEC. Wherefore these pitying looks, these sighs, relate ?

ORES. My wrongs how deep I knew not till this hour !

ELEC. Which of my words has on thy mind such power ?

ORES. Because I see thee suffering various woe.

ELEC. Thou seest but a small part I bid thee know.

ORES. How can I griefs than thine more odious see ?

ELEC. I am condemned with murderers to be.

ORES. Whose murderers ? what novel mischief, say ?

ELEC. My sire's—whom I reluctantly obey.

ORES. What mortal puts this hard constraint on thee ?

ELEC. A mother ! though the name doth ill agree.

ORES. By violence or want, rules she thy mind ?

ELEC. By both, and every wrong her arts can find.

ORES. And are there none to aid, or to defend ?

ELEC. Thou bear'st the ashes of my only friend.

ORES. Unhappy maid ! how I deplore thy fate !

ELEC. Thou and thou solely pitiest mine estate.

ORES. Because no other comes thy grief to mourn.

ELEC. Art thou our relative, I seek to learn ?

ORES. I would declare, if faithful these I knew.

ELEC. Reveal thou mayst. Faithful they are and true.

ORES. Put down that urn, and all I will thee tell.

ELEC. O stranger, do not cruelly compel !

ORES. Obey my words; no crime the deed
shall stain.

ELEC. Now, by thy beard, let me the urn
retain !

ORES. Thy wish I may not grant.

ELEC. Oh, wretched me !

Orestes, losing the remains of thee !

ORES. Change thy sad mood; thou weepest
uselessly !

ELEC. For a dead brother, do I wrongly weep ?

ORES. It suits thee not discourse like this to
keep.

ELEC. Am I not worthy this dead friend of
mine ?

ORES. Worthy thou art; but this cannot be
thine !

ELEC. Not mine !—this urn his ashes doth
contain !

ORES. It holds them not; although words
made it plain !

ELEC. Where, then, my wretched brother's
tomb—oh, say ?

ORES. Tombless are those who view the light
of day.

ELEC. What sayst thou, youth ?

ORES. I say that which is true.

ELEC. Orestes lives ?

ORES. If I the daylight view.

ELEC. And thou art he ?

ORES. Regard this well-known seal,
The father's signet may the son reveal !

ELEC. O dearest light !

ORES. Thee, too, I most desire.

ELEC. And art thou come ?

ORES. Cease elsewhere to inquire.

ELEC. Do now my hands possess thee ?

ORES. Mayst thou still
Possess me thus through life, in good and ill.

ELEC. O dearest friends ! O countrywomen !

see

Orestes here, who dead appeared to be !

In word he perished ; by a word again

To life restored he breathes, moves amongst
men.

CHO. Dear child, rejoicing we thy pleasure
view,

While from our eyes distils the kindly dew.

ELEC. At last, dear offspring, hail!
 Offspring of a loved sire;
 Thou art come once more—then hail!
 Thou hast found thy heart's desire.

ORES. Behold us here—do thou in silence
 wait.

ELEC. Wherefore?

ORES. 'Tis better than to tempt our fate,
 Should those within detect us at their gate.

ELEC. By Artemis unyielding maid,
 To fear I cannot deign
 The crowded, unavailing aid
 Of a weak female train!

ORES. Remember thou, by dread experience
 taught,
 That female souls with martial fire are fraught!

ELEC. Alas! thy words recal
 The palpable disgrace

Which on our sex must fall,
Which nothing can efface.

ORES. However, when occasion prompts, we
ought
To dwell on deeds with such experience fraught.

ELEC. Me—me the present hour
Permits what's just to tell;
At last I have the power
Truly to speak and well.

ORES. With mine thy thoughts accord, there-
fore refrain
From words.

ELEC. And why must I my tongue restrain?

ORES. Since it is not the time to speak at
large,
Compel thy tongue, obedient to my charge.

ELEC. When every chance of happiness seemed
fled,
And our last tidings spoke of thee as dead,

Who shall persuade me willingly to be
 Silent, my brother, since I've looked on thee?

ORES. Thou saw'st me, soon as the celestial will
 Me hither urged, its purpose to fulfil.

ELEC. Ah! now thy lips declare
 A greater, sweeter pleasure,
 If heaven have sent thee here
 O how divine the treasure!

ORES. Unwillingly thine ardour I restrain;
 For much I fear this joy may end in pain.

ELEC. Long time elapsed, since now you con-
 descend,
 Your welcome footsteps hitherward to bend;
 Deign having me beheld with grief oppressed,
 Not to—

ORES. What shall I not?

ELEC. Afflict my breast,
 Withdrawing thy loved features from my sight.

ORES. My passion would be roused, if others
 might.

ELEC. Approv'st thou then ?

ORES. Do I approve ?—not quite.

ELEC. My friends, at length I hear a much
loved voice

That I despaired to hear, and I rejoice :
Indignant silence then my words repressed,
While speechless misery robbed my soul of rest :
Thee I possess, thy most loved form appears,
Which I may not forget in grief and tears.

ORES. Attempt not thou superfluously to tell
How sunk in vice is Clytemnestra fell ;
Or how Ægisthus strives to dissipate,
In wealth and riot, my paternal state !
For the occasion may be lost in words ;
But show me what the present hour affords.
Say, if th' insulting foe I shall at length
Suppress by secret guile, or open strength.
Beware, lest smiles and joyous looks proclaim
Our coming, to the proud incestuous dame.
When blest success at last our toil shall crown,
Rejoice, for laughter shall be all our own !

ELEC. Brother, in this my chief delight shall be,
To yield, whate'er thy wishes prompt, to thee ;

We owe the present joy to thy sole care,
 And in its advent claim no right or share ;
 Nor would desire some mighty good to find,
 Yet prove to thee in the least point unkind :
 To be so, were ungrateful to the power
 Whose influence governs this auspicious hour.
 I need not tell what you already know,
 Ægisthus from his home is absent now ;
 My mother is within :—fear not I may
 To her, by smiling looks, my joy betray.
 Beholding thee I will not cease to pour,
 O'ercome with gladness, the delicious shower ;
 For I have found thee, in the self-same breath,
 Alive, and wrapt in the embrace of death ;
 And thou hast such unhopèd-for tidings brought,
 My mind hereafter may not question aught :
 Should my dead sire again his life receive,
 E'en such a prodigy I would believe.
 Arrived thus wondrously our conduct guide,
 And o'er each act, as thy soul prompts, preside.
 If unassisted still I had remained,
 Mine arm a dread alternative had gained ;

I had my freedom gloriously acquired,
Or in the attempt as gloriously expired.

ORES. I hear of issuing feet th' approaching
din—

Again I warn, be mute !

ELÆC. Enter within
Strangers ! Let none refuse admission here ;
Let none rejoice to view the charge you bear !

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Insensate as ye are, bereft of thought,
Say, do ye estimate your lives in naught ?
Has inborn reason quitted every breast,
That thus, in danger's hour, you seem at rest ?
Nor speak I of a peril near at hand,
Within the very jaws of fate you stand !
And had I not the gateway watched with care,
Your words, not persons, had found entrance
there :

But I, your safety and success to guard,
In yonder dome have kept unceasing ward.
Dismiss all needless colloquy as vain,
And learn your joyful clamour to restrain :

Enter within the gate—postponement may
 Inflict dire chastisement for brief delay—
 The crisis is at hand !

ORES. My friend, declare,
 For what reception am I to prepare ?

PEDA. The best, since no one can thy person
 know.

ORES. Think they that I am dead, their mortal
 foe ?

PEDA. Although still here alive, thou'rt surely
 one

Of those long since to dismal Hades gone.

ORES. Rejoice they, or what say they of my fate ?

PEDA. Our task accomplished, I will all relate ;
 For now our foes so fortunate appear,
 That even their peril seems devoid of fear.

ELEC. Brother, reveal this stranger's name, I
 pray.

ORES. Know'st thou it not, Electra ?

ELEC. Brother, nay ;
 In vain I tax my memory for his face.

ORES. Yet once thou gav'st me to his kind
 embrace.

ELEC. To him I gave thee ! now thy sense declare.

ORES. His arms at thy command the infant bare

To Phocis.

ELEC. He, in whom I could confide
Alone of all, when my loved father died !

ORES. The very same—nor question me again.

ELEC. O sole preserver ! best beloved of men !
Thou, who hast rescued Agamemnon's race,
When didst thou hither bend thy friendly pace ?
And thou art he, indeed, whose faith and care
Have saved this youth and me from many a snare ?
These faithful hands, those zealous feet, how dear,
Which bore Orestes from destruction near !
Why didst thou lately with false words annoy
Deceptive, though the messenger of joy ?
Hail, father ! for methinks a sire I see ;
Thrice hail ! I have both loved and hated thee :
Hated I have, and loved on this day, more
Than all mankind I ever saw before !

PEDA. Enough ; if still thy mind desire to know
All that remains, I will hereafter show.

Listen thou mayst, with an insatiate soul,
 While many days and nights continuous roll:
 Now is the time for action! Now prepare,
 Ye who stand ready this attempt to dare!
 Now Clytemnestra is alone, and near
 No male defenders in the dome appear:
 Reflect—if the occasion you delay,
 With wiser, stronger foes contend ye may!

ORES. Pylades, let us enter now, my friend,
 And of our long discourses make an end;
 Then our paternal deities adore,
 Whatever gods protect this entrance door!

ELEC. King Phœbus, be propitious to their
 prayer,
 And let our anxious wishes be thy care!
 If ever I have offered at thy shrine
 Large presents, from that scanty store of mine,
 Lycian Apollo, all I can do now,
 I ask, pray, supplicate—thine aid bestow!
 Assist our counsel, and convince mankind
 The gods due vengeance for the wicked find!

CHO. Regard where Mars leads on,
 The blood of slaughter breathing!

And through yon gates are gone,
 The deadliest crimes still seeking,
 Fate's dogs inevitable ;
 Therefore, dispelling doubt,
 My mind will soon be able
 To trace its vision out.

The avenger of the dead
 At last, by stealth is come,
 Wielding a falchion dread
 In his paternal dome ;
 That antique, wealthy seat
 With keen-edged brass invades,
 Treading on silent feet,
 Conceal'd by favouring shades :
 Skilled in deceitful lore
 Sly Hermes, Maia's son,
 Conducts, sheds darkness o'er
 His fraud, till all be done.

ELECTRA, ORESTES, ÆGISTHUS, CLYTEMNESTRA,
THE CHORUS.

ELEC. Women beloved, in silence here remain,
Leave consummation to the manly train.

CHO. For what prepare they ?

ELEC. For her funeral rite
She crowns a goblet, they stand ready quite !

CHO. Why com'st thou out of doors ?

ELEC. Lest, entering in,
Ægisthus should unknown a passage win.

CLY. Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! Alas ! alas ! our home
Is void of friends, assassins fill the dome !

ELEC. Within some one exclaims ! companions,
hear !

CHO. Mine ears have caught what chills my
frame with fear,
Sounds that should not be heard !

CLY. Ah, wretched me !

Where can thy tarrying feet, Ægisthus, be?

ELBE. Again a voice exclaims !

CLY. **My son, refrain !**

Let her who gave thee life not plead in vain !

ELEC. Yet both Orestes and his murdered
sire

Vainly from thee did mercy once require !

CHO. Oh, hapless state! Oh, race,

O'er thee black fate impends!

I mourn thy ruined case,

To-day thy glory ends !

CLY. Oh, slain am I !

ELRC. O strike her yet once more,
If thou have power !

CLY. Ah, me ! again ! 'tis o'er !

ELEC. Might thus Ægisthus welter in his
gore!

CHO. The father's imprecations were not vain,
And, starting from the tomb, he breathes again :

This hour an ample tide of blood is shed,
To glut the vengeance of the former dead !

ELÆC. Behold, they now approach ! This much
I view,
His hand of Mars's rite distils the dew :
I cannot more declare.—O brother ! say,
How goes the contest ?

ORÆS. All is well to-day,
Within the palace, if his mandate dread
Apollo gave aright:—the wretch is dead.
Thou mayst no longer fear maternal pride,
That used so oft thy sorrow to deride.

CHOR. Hush ! for I see Ægisthus' form appear !

ELÆC. O youths ! approach the door—behold
him near,
Who from the suburbs, breathless, hastes to learn
The joyful news that welcomes his return !

CHOR. Behind the portal run,
Soon as ye may ;

And having well begun,
End well the day !

ORES. Fear naught ; we will accomplish thy
desires !

ELEC. Hasten !

ORES. 'Tis gained.

ELEC. This part my care requires.

CHO. A few bland words convey
To his deluded ear ;
That, rushing on, he may
Not see revenge how near !

ÆGIS. Where are the Phocian guests, arrived
this day
To announce Orestes dead, let some one say !
I'm told he perished in the chariot race,
Shipwrecked amidst the perils of the chase.
Thee, thee I ask, thee once so bold ! Relate !—
Thou car'st and knowest most, then briefly
state !

ELEC. Yes, truly, I know well; else I were
lost

In ignorance of what affects me most.

ÆGIS. But where our guests, instruct me !

ELEC. These within
To share our hospitable rites begin.

ÆGIS. And say these truly, that Orestes died ?

ELEC. Not in words only, they bring proof beside.

ÆGIS. Him have they brought, to show their
tidings right?

ELEC. They have indeed—a most unwelcome sight !

ÆGIS. Thy words with joy unusual fill my
mind.

ELEC. Rejoice, if here aught mirthful thou
canst find !

ÆGIS. Strict silence I command! I bid ye
straight,

That all may learn, spread wide this palace
gate ;

Let each Mycenian, every Argive know,

That those who hate me must their hopes forego !

Let such his corpse behold ; and, for their pains,
Receive a dear reward—my bridling chains !
Yes, let them to my kingly will submit,
Nor against power resistless, champ the bit !

ELEC. Already I this rule have learned to find,

And, to the mightiest, can subject my mind.

ÆGIS. Oh, Jove! a spectacle of woe I see,
Which without envy ne'er had chanced to be.
(May Nemesis forgive me, if she hear.)

The veil, that from mine eyes conceals the bier,
Remove, that I may shed a kindred tear !

ORES. Lift thou these ashes, to lament is thine,
And to behold: that duty is not mine !

ÆGIS. Well hast thou spoken; thee I will obey!
Is Clytemnestra in our halls, I pray?

ORES. Lo, she is near thee ! Seek her not elsewhere !

ÆGIS. Alas ! what do I see ?

ORES. What fear'st thou there?
Dost thou not recognise?

ÆGIS. In whose dread toil
Am I entrapp'd ? Of whom become the spoil ?

ORES. Hast thou perceived at last, although in
vain,

Living, thou holdest communion with the slain ?

ÆGIS. I comprehend, alas !—and thou must
be

Orestes, who thus speakest tauntingly !

ORES. Pity that such an augur e'er should
fail !

ÆGIS. Alas, I perish ! Let my prayer pre-
vail,

And grant me leave to speak !

ELEC. Allow him not

By heaven, my brother, to extend his lot !

For who, about to die, advantage gains

From time, except protraction of his pains ?

Dispatch him quickly ; send his corpse away

By those who to the tomb the dead convey.

Remove him from our sight ; for ancient ill,

Only such riddance vengeance can fulfil !

ORES. Advance within the dome, this hour
affords

Occasion for thy death, and none for words !

ÆGIS. Why to the hall ? Why shun the light
of day,

If fair the deed ? Art thou not armed to slay ?

ORES. It is not thine to dictate—thither haste,
Where fell my sire, and where thou death shalt
taste.

ÆGIS. Of Pelops' race this fated dome must
view

Th' existent ill, and what time shall renew !

ORES. Thy woes it shall ; trust in our augury !

ÆGIS. This art thy father had not.

ORES. Still with me

Dost thou contend in words, thy subtle tongue
Delays—once more I bid thee, creep along !

ÆGIS. Precede !

ORES. To go before is thine.

ÆGIS. Can I

Escape ?

ORES. Lest thou without reluctance die,
I goad thy temper to thy latest breath,
That thou mayst feel the bitterness of death.
Whoe'er, in future, justice shall profane,

Let him die thus, nor break the laws in vain,
And crime more rarely shall our nature stain.

СНО. O Atreus' race ! at last,
By such dread actions gained,
Full many a peril past,
Thy freedom is attained !

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ACHILLES.

CANTO I.

ON Ilium's field of combat, shadowy night,
Descending welcome, checked the rage of fight ;
Pale Greece, aghast, behind her wall retired ;
Her boasted navy seemed already fired ;
Hectorian taunts came thick on every breeze,
Her canvass half-unloosed to cross the seas,
But Phrygian watch-fires brightly gleaming o'er
The plain, reveal the vessels, camp, and shore.
What hopes are left ? Achilles in his tent
Wills not to fight, expecting the event ;
And carnage, glutted with the slain, might tell
His prayer for vengeance had been heard too well.

If generous pity e'er his bosom warm,
 Pride intervenes, and passions raise a storm :
 Sternly he dooms the Grecian host and lord,
 To perish by the Trojan's ruthless sword ;
 Then clasps in thought his aged sire again,
 Forgetting Troy in Phthia's tranquil reign,
 Compounds with fame, for long inglorious ease,
 And vainly dreams pacific sceptres please.
 The master-passion triumphs ; o'er his soul
 Glory can arrogate supreme control ;
 Though memory warn him that the fates
 afford

Nestorean years, if he resign the sword,
 But proffer laurels, and an endless name,
 With early death, if still he worship fame.
 " To fight, bleed, conquer, perish, be it mine,"
 He cried, " if dying I embrace her shrine ;
 But, ah ! my wrongs forbid this hand to draw
 My sword for Greece—revenge my only law !
 Ere I the tyrant join, on terms of peace,
 May Argos perish ; let my glory cease !"—
 Peleides thus indulges boundless ire,
 His mournful comrades in despair retire ;

Fast down their cheeks in patriotic woe,
 For Greece, ill-fated Greece, their sorrows flow :
 Patroclus, with dejected air, remained
 In silence, and his latent anger reined.
 The others sadly wandering round the shore,
 Deplored their doom, to succour Greece no more.
 Achilles seized a harp of silver frame,
 And from his lips empasioned accents came.

SONG.

Harp, that canst quell the rage of kings !
 Harp, charmer of the festal board !
 Thy potent shell, and magic strings
 Can to its sheath return the sword.

When bowed to dust before our ire,
 Fair Thebe sank, my prize wert thou !
 Thus rescued from consuming fire,
 Oh, calm my burning bosom now !

That thought adds fuel to the flame !
 From Lyrnessus' neighbouring wall
 The dark-eyed nymph Briseis came,
 Briseis now the tyrant's thrall.

Rather to my rapt ear renew
 The sounds of conflict scarcely o'er,
 That still in fancy, I may view
 Scamander, red with Grecian gore !

I joy the purpling flood to see !
 The shouts of conquering Troy are dear !
 For thus avenged I may be,
 And check Atrides' proud career.

Hark ! Hector's voice to heaven ascends,
 Troy's baleful torches flicker high !
 To-morrow, Greece, thy glory ends !
 To-morrow all thy thousands die !

And must Peleides here remain,
 To watch the hated Phrygian fire !
 Ah ! might each Argive chief lie slain,
 And Troy by this strong arm expire !

Then, like the pestilential star,
 Meteorous Chiron's spear should beam,
 Unnerving Hector's arm afar,
 Gorging with slain Scamander's stream.

As a young spouse adores his bride,
 Do I rejoice in battle's charms ;
 I shun the feast, the dance deride ;
 My only good—the clash of arms.

Vibrates my harp to notes alone
 Which fire the soul's heroic strain ;
 And echoes groan succeeding groan,
 Caused by my honour's endless stain.

Achilles ceasing, heard a step of pride,
 And near his tent illustrious Ajax spied,
 Majestic hero, whose victorious hand
 Had rescued Greece from Troy's destructive
 brand :

Followed two chiefs of less imposing mien ;
 Thoughtful of brow, sage Ithacus was seen,
 And reverend Phœnix, silvered o'er with age,
 Who oft had soothed Achilles in his rage.
 Then to his cheek the glow of friendship came ;
 He loved each chief, although a Greek in name ;
 Greece too he loved ; but prized his glory more,
 Long toils, dire perils, for her sake he bore.

At length by wrongs inflamed, his soul rebelled,
 Yet still with friendly sympathies it swelled.
 Graceful he rose, and laid aside the lyre,
 To hail each chief, but first the reverend sire.
 "Of yonder host, the dearest and the best,
 Are welcome, whatsoever your behest,"
 He said: conducting then, his guests he placed
 On burnished thrones, with splendid carpets graced;
 And hospitable bade Patroclus pour
 His richer wine, in a capacious ewer.
 "Let these, the worthiest of Achaia's train,
 Loved Menœtiades, the goblet drain,
 And spread the board for them, that Greece may
 know,
 Her tyrant only is Achilles' foe."
 The bounteous feast Patroclus joyful spread,
 Choice viands, mantling wine, and wholesome
 bread:
 Then, all inviting to the fair repast,
 The goblets crowned, and burnt the offerings last.—

Sate of food, resolved t'implore relief,
 And with persuasion, melt the fiery chief,

Ulysses, master of the art divine,
 Raised to his lip a bowl of generous wine ;
 Pledging Achilles first, he thus began
 With artful words to sue the godlike man ;
 In graceful periods, honied accents fell
 Upon the listener's spirit like a spell.
 He named the Greeks, their rout, their deep des-
 pair,
 On yonder strand, as doomed to perish there ;
 He said, " Thou only canst our hopes restore :
 Chieftain arise, let Hector boast no more !
 Hector, who threatens with the dawn to wield
 Jove's delegated thunder on the field ;
 Invokes, with morning's light, the fated hour,
 To terminate the war and Grecian power ;
 For then he wills to wrap our ships with fire :
 Thus Greece inglorious shall in flame expire !
 What sad presagings chill my soul with dread ?
 I mourn for Greece, for each devoted head ;
 All, all are doomed before to-morrow's night,
 To perish victims of th' impending fight ;
 To feed the vulture on this hated strand,
 Far from our sorrowing friends and native land.

Rise, great Achilles ! in thy strength appear !
 Let Hector view the lightning of thy spear !
 Yes, let thy voice but echo round the shore,
 That Greece may live, and Hector vaunt no more !
 When his heroic boy from Phthia's strand,
 Thy sire dismissed, this was his last command :
 ' On thee, my son, to bless a father's vow,
 Pallas and Juno shall due strength bestow ;
 Be it thy part fierce passion to constrain,
 And from each angry thought and deed refrain ;
 That youth and age thy wisdom may admire !'
 And is it thus the son obeys the sire ?
 At length, Peleides, heed a parent's word,
 Control thy wrath, unsheath thy conquering
 sword !

To rescue Greece, immortal praise to gain,
 Be thine, ere yet our navy lights the main !
 Reflect, if Hector's arm subdue our host,
 Greece and thy glory are together lost !"—
 Then Ithacus proceeded to unfold,
 The brass, the iron, the refulgent gold,
 The ardent coursers, the accomplished dames,
 And tower-fenced cities, of illustrious names,

That Atreus' son would give, who promised
more,

By him untouched Briseis to restore :
And should the favoured chief to wed incline,
Proposed the fairest of his royal line ;
But if both prayers and presents failed to move,
Ulysses bade him his own glory love ;
He bade him curb proud Troy's insulting boast,
That Hector far excelled of either host ;
That not one chief, of all to Troy who came,
From warlike Greece, the homicide could tame.

His artful theme Achilles heard unmoved,
Declined the presents, and the king reproved,
In haughty terms :—" Let him who dared to woo
The fatal strife, abide the danger too !
With the next dawn we every oar employ,
In eager haste to quit detested Troy :
Aurora, crimson from Tithonus' bed,
Shall view the Hellespont with sails o'erspread ;
With the third dawn, my Phthia's peaceful
shore
Hailing, we think of Ilium's field no more.

Vain proffers from your haughty lord ye bring ;
 I scorn alliance with a tyrant king.”
 Abruptly thus he spoke, inflamed with ire,
 Atrides’ name had waked the dormant fire.
 Greece had found mercy in a soul so brave,
 And friendship strongly prompted him to save.
 But rage once kindled, further prayer were vain ;
 Yet Phœnix strove his passion to restrain,
 The hero chafed, invincible of mind,
 Resolved that Greece should no compassion find ;
 Sedate and rigid, his young features grew,
 While his swart cheek assumed a paler hue.
 Unskilled by words a contest to decide,
 Impatient Ajax loathed the chieftain’s pride ;
 Abrupt, upbraiding, less as friend than foe,
 He moved departure, and prepared to go.—
 A soldier’s bluntness touched a kindred soul,
 For either scorned his passion to control ;
 “ Ajax,” he cried, “ thy freedom I admire ;
 Yet, at the tyrant’s name my breast takes
 fire ;—
 But go, fulfil your message as ye may,
 Achilles fights not till the fated day,

When threatening Hector shakes his flaming
brand,

Where Myrmidonian tents and vessels stand,
Longing in vain to wrap our ships in fire,
Awed by my frown, even Hector shall retire !”
He ceased—they parted—due libations o’er,
These seek the Grecian camp along the shore :
In balmy sleep Achilles lulls his woes,
And loved Patroclus near him courts repose.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

AURORA, now escaped the reign of night,
On Ida's summit pours her earliest light ;
The mountain with that golden halo crowned,
To distant mortals seems celestial ground ;
But when emergent from hoar Ocean's reign,
Hyperion rises o'er the level main,
His bursting rays a tide of glory fling
On earth, sea, skies, that smiling hail him
king.

All nature joyous smiles, but abject man,
That strange exception to her general plan,
Whose erring mind imperious passions sway,
Reluctant reason's dictates to obey.—
A worm, a reptile, basking in the hour
Of fortune, or tormented by her power ;

Elate to day, to-morrow weak and vile,
 He quits a throne, to grace a funeral pile ;
 Ambition's minion once, now base and poor,
 He begs, a vagrant, at each wealthy door :
 Ardent in youth, on pleasures bent alone,
 He spurns reflection, deems the world his own ;
 But learns too soon, that each revolving year,
 The myrtle wreath and laurel crown grow sere.

Thus Grecia mourns her years of conquest
 fled,
 Her wall o'erthrown, her bravest heroes dead ;
 Whose corpses, ghastly now with wounds and
 gore,
 In pestilential heaps defile the shore ;
 Hopeless beholds Sol's first effulgence play
 On scenes of woe, and dreads the coming fray ;
 And quails as from the height proud Ilium's band
 Rushes to fight, at Hector's stern command ;
 Whose armour has already caught the beam,
 And sent it, glimmering, over plain and stream ;
 Phœbus on him, his matin glory sheds ;
 In conscious strength, the favoured warrior treads ;

He rouses Troy to arms, and his right hand
 Waves high, the bane of Greece, a flaming
 brand.

Presumptuous ! ere that navy sink in fire,
 Prostrate in dust great Hector shall expire ;
 And Ilium, of celestial bulwarks vain,
 Shall totter, fall, and smoke along the plain.

It needs no feeble lay of mine to sing,
 A fight ennobled by the poet-king :
 Let it suffice that Thetis' prayer had won,
 Immortal honour for her mortal son.
 Achilles only, Hector's wrath shall tame ;
 Therefore one Grecian ship must feed the flame.—
 Patroclus wept for Greece ; he wept to know
 Her heroes slain, with an unceasing woe ;
 Like mountain-stream, his cheek the tear-drops
 lave,

Flinging from air-poised rock, its turbid wave :
 On him Achilles bent a pitying look,
 And then, in hurried accent, thus bespoke :—
 “ Why weeps Patroclus, as a child might weep,
 That longs upon its mother's breast to sleep ?

The doting mother, with parental wiles,
 In amorous play, the urchin's hope beguiles.
 Bringest thou, perchance, some tidings fraught with
 grief,

To my brave followers, or me, their chief ?
 Comes there from Phthia's realm, a tale of woe ;
 Such it were strange that only thou shouldst know ?
 Thy good Menœtius' days the fates prolong ;
 Still Peleus lives, his Myrmidons among :
 For these our amplest sorrows well might be :
 Or weepst thou the Grecian rout to see ?
 Greece for her leader's pride shall dye the main !
 Now speak, and let Achilles share thy pain !"
 Deep from thy breast a sigh, Patroclus, came !
 Then thus,—“ O bravest of th' Achaian name,
 Chide not thy friend, who weeps his country's fate,
 Mourning the best defenders of her state :
 Already half her gallant chiefs lie slain ;
 And those are sorely wounded, who remain :
 Yet fierce Achilles, charity can find
 No entrance in thy proud and stubborn mind.—
 May ne'er my bosom with like choler swell,
 Which guides thy noble powers to purpose fell !

Deem'st thou that heaven-taught bard thy name
shall raise

To deathless triumph in immortal lays,
If, when thy country's arms are prostrate laid,
Thy soul inflexible forbear to aid ?
Sprung from no hero, no celestial dame
Thee storms engendered ; or, from rocks you came !
Parents unfitting such a heart as thine
Were Peleus good, and Thetis the divine !
But if some augury restrain thy hand,
Let me lead forth thy Myrmidonian band ;
A ray of vivid hope again may shine
On Greece, if I conduct that martial line !
If in thine armour I provoke the fight,
Thy image chills proud Ilium with affright ;
But breathes new courage in the Grecian train,
Fatigued by combats on the gory plain."

O wondrous force of friendship's sacred flame !
The chief, whose rage no proffered wealth could
tame,
Whom sprightly coursers and accomplished dames,
With towering cities of illustrious names,

Whom the lost maid to his embrace restored,
Free and untainted by the Grecian lord,
Whom the divinest fair of Atreus' race,
Adorned with peerless charms of mind and face
Moved not ; accords his suppliant friend's desire,
But grants reluctant, nor forgets his ire ;
Which still unquenched, or but in part subdued,
Bursts forth at intervals, with passion rude :
Thus when some conquered city yields to fire,
By slow degrees the lurid flames expire ;
Then waked by Boreas' breath again arise
And mount with awful splendour to the skies :
Or as her wrath sublimed when Ætna pours
In fiery lava, and volcanic showers ;
If his afflicted side the giant turns,
With ten-fold rage th' indignant crater burns.
So raged Peleides, till by Hector fired,
From one black ship, the curling smoke aspired.
As joys a pilot on some starless night,
At the red beacon, glimmering on the height,
And hails it guide to safety through the storm,
While winds and waves old Ocean's face de-
form ;

Thus sternly smiled the chief, that flame to view;
 For then he deemed complete the vengeance due.
 Appeased his ire,—“ Patroclus, haste,” he cried,
 “ The wreathing smoke ascends in volumes wide !
 To save the fleet, my panoply brace on ;
 Myself will form our martial train anon.”

Those martial bands were formed,—Patroclus
 wore
 Achilles’ arms, and lightened all the shore ;
 By him were deeds of envied glory done,
 Trophies acquired, and deathless laurels won ;
 Yet not content, his spear at Hector flamed,
 And sought a triumph, by Achilles claimed.
 “ Ah, touch not Hector, doomed to glut my
 rage,
 That foe alone, I bid thee not engage.”
 Vainly he counselled, his Patroclus dies
 E’en now, and Hellas from the victor flies.
 So long as rescued Greece the fight maintained,
 Unmoved, Achilles in his tent remained,
 Rejoicing that his friend in civic fame
 Might from that day unrivalled honour claim :—

The ships delivered, and a field restored.
 Patroclus like a god should be adored.—
 But, as he viewed the black-haired Greeks descend,
 And towards the fleet tumultuous footsteps bend.
 A sudden tremour shook his manly frame.
 And to his soul a thought of anguish came :
 “ Is this the hour that destiny ordains.
 And Thetis warned of, fraught with endless
 pains ;
 Which gives to Hades a devoted head ?
 Jove grant that my Patroclus be not dead !
 While the sad presage on his memory burst,
 Antilochus appeared, and told the worst.”—

Ye who have known how mutual ties endear,
 When heart joins heart in unison sincere ;
 Ye who have felt affliction's iron hand,
 Relentless, severing the fraternal band,
 Of your last friend, your only hope bereft ;
 Few to condole, and none to solace left ;
 Ye may, and only you can fancy well,
 What misery th' illustrious Greek befel ;

Dark clouds of sorrow on his senses roll,
 And frantic passion occupies his soul ;
 Profuse in grief o'er his distracted head,
 His mighty hands the burning cinders spread ;
 His fair ambrosial tunic falling round,
 Was soiled with dust, and trailed upon the
 ground ;
 There his majestic limbs he stretched at length,
 And tore his auburn locks with desperate
 strength ;
 Then long and loudly groaned,—nor need I tell,
 What by the master-bard is sung so well,
 How with her nymphs, the silver-footed dame,
 To calm his woe from ocean's cavern came ;
 Such glowing themes the epic bard avail,
 But ours, I ween, is friendship's simpler tale.

While thus he mourned, the purple Iris came,
 A radiant messenger in Juno's name,
 "Oh, save," she cried, "Patroclus' loved remains
 From Trojan dogs, and guard him o'er the plains ;
 Arise, and in the front of battle shine,
 That raging Hector may his prize resign !"

Then Peleus' son arose, to join the fight,
 Not clad, as erst he wont, in armour bright ;
 Alone, unarmed, he moved, and Juno shed
 A beamy halo round his glorious head ;
 Apollo's ægis o'er his shoulder flames,
 Whose dazzling ray the favoured chief proclaims,
 And from his front, reflected lightnings play
 The awful splendours of the god of day :
 He gained a mound, his voice in thunders raised ;
 Troy heard, Troy fled, distracted and amazed ; —
 That shout, Achilles, spoke the tones of war,
 Like clarion's brazen clangour heard afar !
 As frowns the Pythian on his marble base,
 Immortal passions beaming from his face,
 Whose various workings mingle and combine,
 Anger's fierce glance with pity's softening line ;
 While beauty, strength, and elegance conspire
 To form a whole that mocks Promethean fire ;
 And though with radiant youth his features
 glow,
 Majestic power sits throned upon his brow ;
 Thus from that height the great Achilles shone,
 Save that of gentler mood each trace was gone.

The Greeks his majesty and strength admired ;
 The awe-struck Trojans trembled and retired.—
 Thus when the bird of Egypt wings her way,
 To the pure regions of celestial day,
 Her golden plumage sheds effulgent light,
 Magnificent, yet fearful to the sight ;
 Assembled nations, wrapped in deep amaze,
 In silence on the mystic stranger gaze ;
 Some deem th' auspicious omen from above,
 A beauteous harbinger of heavenly love ;
 Others, less prone to augur good than ill,
 Their gloomy souls with dire presagings fill ;
 In pallid terror from the portent fly,
 Nor dare to view that monster of the sky.
 Thus gazed both armies on the hero's form,
 Greece hailed in him a refuge from the storm ;
 While Troy, dejected at the deathful view,
 Panting and hopeless to her wall withdrew.

CANTO III.

Is this the prelude of eternal fame,
Whose inspiration kindles martial flame ?
Are these the laurels, these the honours, these
The high rewards that thoughtless myriads please ?
Deem'st thou yon lowly tenant of the bier
Can the applauding voice of flattery hear ?
Or that the death-closed eye and cheek of woe
May beam in rapture, or with passion glow ?
Not e'en, if universal man should raise
A general pæan to the hero's praise,
Unfettered might become that tearless eye,
That marble cheek grow warm in sympathy,
Perchance thou sayst;—"Cold sceptic, rail not
so ;
The world of spirits is it thine to know ?
The fallen chieftain, who alive was fired
By glory's charms, enjoys them when expired ;

In her bright temple sees his offering shine,
 For ever honoured by the sacred nine."
 Illusion vain ;—'tis policy's device,
 To promise heaven, and vaguely weigh the
 price.

The poet's lyre, the patriot's lofty tone,
 Raise lasting trophies to the brave alone ;
 Yet nature sickens at the voice of fame,
 When slaughtered myriads constitute her claim ;
 Philanthropy condemns, just heaven denies ;
 But man presumptuous hopes, and fights, and
 dies.

 If fame yield happiness, Patroclus fell
 More blessed than many, and he perished well ;
 He died a patriot, he had lived a friend ;
 And mourning armies o'er his relics bend :
 But ere to fate he yielded, well he knew
 That rescued Greece would give the honour due ;
 He knew his loved Achilles would bestow
 Sorrow unmixed, insatiate of woe :
 Yet sadly on the bier his corse was borne,
 A spectacle how altered since the morn,

When gay with hope of the approaching fight,
 He felt each limb in buoyant vigour light;
 And as some mighty pine o'ertops the wood,
 In radiant panoply sublimely stood !—
 Pouring his anguish on the barren sands,
 Near that cold form Achilles pensive stands:
 He weeps, he watches, through the shades of night,
 Intent on vengeance with the dawning light.
 On that eventful eve chaste Dian rose;
 The silent world in placid beauty glows;
 Ionian nights surpass our northern days,
 So pure the air, so cloudless Phœbe's rays;
 In magic circle each inferior star
 Seems trooping to attend her glorious car.
 The lovely goddess, through translucent skies,
 A bursting splendour flings: the mountains rise
 First on the view;—then capes and distant
 isles,
 And in the mellow light hoar ocean smiles:
 The oak and pine reflect a silver beam,
 Which thence descending, quivers on the stream;
 Last are illumed the camp and martial train,
 The gory arms and features of the slain:

On death's pale visage paler hues are shed ;
 Look the assistants less alive than dead,
 So still, so hushed, in a full tide of grief,
 His mournful friends surround the Peleian chief:
 All night for him, and the great dead, they
 pour

Around his bier a sympathetic shower :
 His hands Achilles on Patroclus laid,
 And deeply groaning, thus at length he said :
 " Vain was the promise to Menœtius made,
 That his brave son, with ample spoil repaid,
 Restored by me to the parental dome,
 Should to his arms from conquered Ilium come ;
 But Jove denies to grant each fond desire ;
 And both on Troy's ensanguined plain expire !
 Peleus, no more in arms, in wisdom tried,
 Shall see his offspring grace his aged side !
 With Trojan earth, my fated dust must blend :
 Brief space elapsed, Patroclus, I descend,
 Close following to the shades ;—nor will I pay
 The last sad rites to thy much-honoured clay,
 'Till Hector's armour and his gory head
 I bring, a tribute to the silent dead :

Around thy pyre Troy's lovely-bosomed dames
 Shall weep and watch, as rise funereal flames :
 Fair captives from Pierian walls conveyed,
 Which once I ravished with thy friendly aid."

Then, as the mountain torrent roars amain,
 Impetuous, bounding towards the subject plain,
 His poignant sorrows flow ; he groans aloud :
 Round him, in sympathy, the heroes crowd,
 Striving to calm his woe, urging to share
 Needful repast, but he repels their care.
 No solace may his labouring bosom know,
 Until red Mars avenge him on the foe !
 " Thou, dear Patroclus," thus the chieftain
 said,
 " Oft in our tent the frugal board hast spread,
 When Greece, impatient to contend with Troy,
 Her phalanx formed with military joy :
 Now liest thou slaughtered, and my heart oppress-
 prest,
 Loathes all refreshment, and denies me rest ;
 No mightier woe than this my soul could rend,
 Should hoary Peleus to the shades descend ;

Who in far Phthia mourns his offspring's doom,
 Destined in youth and vigour to the tomb—
 Destined to fall in Helen's odious cause,
 In which his sword reluctantly he draws.
 A darling son, if yet he live, is mine,
 In Scyros, Neoptolemus, divine ;
 Since fall I must, on Ilium's distant plain,
 Remote from Greece, and my paternal reign,
 I hoped thy care my noble boy should guide,
 And re-instate in all his father's pride :
 For Peleus now forlorn, oppressed with grief,
 I deem hath found in death the wished relief :
 Or, if he still survive, 'tis but to hear
 That his loved son lies cold upon the bier ;
 For I to Pluto's dreary region go,
 Due vengeance first exacted from the foe ;
 To greet thy shade on that all tranquil shore,
 Where friendship shall endure for evermore.
 Let vulgar ties with mortal breath expire,
 Our flame shall last, a bright, perennial fire ;
 In the same urn, congenial bones shall rest,
 And future times proclaim, 'These friends were
 blest !' ”

Stern war, how fearful is the game of death,
 When myriads wait upon thy fiery breath ;
 And ere they tempt the precipice of fate,
 One moment turn from wrath to their estate !
 Th' exulting hero views the marshalled fields,
 Horrent with bristling spears and beaming
 shields,
 Owns a wild tumult as the tempest lowers,
 That threatens sanguine fields, and iron showers ;
 Yet one sad thought to all he loves, is given,
 And a brief supplication mounts to heaven ;
 Perchance to-day, for glory's wreath, he dies,
 And unclean vultures scream his obsequies.—
 As clouds surcharg'd with elemental war,
 Approach nor deal their lurid bolts afar,
 But darkly frown in terrible array,
 And mar with sudden gloom the cheerful day ;
 Nor yet the sheety fire enwraps the pole,
 Nor meteors flash, nor awful thunders roll ;
 So stand the Greeks and Trojans, armed for fight,
 And every bosom throbs with fierce delight ;
 Rapine and rage the vulgar soul inflame,
 The cultured palms of never-dying fame.

Densely as fleecy snow descends from heaven,
 By chilling blasts of wrathful Boreas driven,
 The waving plumage on bright helmets played,
 Which from their ships, the sons of Greece conveyed ;

The shields embossed, protracted shadows threw,
 And to a wood, the thronging lances grew ;
 The din of myriads shook the vaulted sky,
 And earth awoke to join the revelry,
 Echoing the tramp of feet and loud alarms
 Of ardent warriors, sheathed in brazen arms.
 Divine Achilles in the midst prepared ;
 Like meteors his terrific eye-balls glared ;
 He gnashed his teeth with rage, as o'er his
 soul

A tide of passion flowed, above control.—
 Breathing destruction to the Trojan name,
 He shone in armour of Vulcanian frame :
 And first the greaves his sinewy legs embraced,

The greaves with argent buckles richly graced ;
 Then to his breast, the corslet was applied ;
 The silver-studded sword adorned his side ;

His arm sustained the vast and ponderous shield,
 Whence Sol's reflected rays illumed the field.—
 As to some mariner the bursting light
 Of heaven reveals the horrors of the night ;
 So from that orb a withering splendour came,
 That awed the firmest of the Trojan name ;
 O'er his dark brow a lofty helmet frowned,
 That shot not less portentous gleams around ;
 Above, a crest of gilded horse-hair rose,
 Which Mulciber had laboured to compose ;
 Last, his right hand Achilles stretched to take
 His father's lance, which he alone could shake
 Of all the Greeks ;—but as an osier wand
 The mighty javelin trembled in his hand ;
 This for his sire, from Pelion's craggy brow
 Old Chiron rent, the death of heroes now.
 Thus, like Hyperion divinely bright,
 Rushed fierce Peleides to the thickest fight ;
 Insatiate wreaked on Troy his vengeful ire,
 And saw great Hector by his lance expire.

Around famed Hellespont's deserted shore,
 The billows gently roll, or hoarsely roar ;

Of name not chronicled in deathless song,
 Scamander now impels his waters on :
 Nature remains unchanged, though man be still
 Propense to fall from good, and cherish ill ;
 And, like his boasted works of fragile clay
 Upreared, with care and toil, approach decay ;
 Succumbing often in the vernal hour,
 As at the touch of Eurys droops a flower ;
 Or, if in Fortune's sun, matured by time,
 He take deep root and own a genial clime,
 The bane of manhood's years, disease and woe,
 Shall humble to the dust or crown with snow.
 And should his strength endure the tempest's
 blast,
 Heaven's bolt, in mercy, scathes his trunk at last.
 Achilles found in manhood's earlier bloom,
 As Thetis warned, a never-dreaded tomb :
 Cast in life's prime upon its stormiest wave,
 He chose the course that pointed to a grave :
 Spirits like his, on passion's billow tost
 Direct its fury, but are quickly lost,
 And in their meteor-progress leave behind
 A light, a beacon to instruct mankind ;

While, to compensate their brief span of days,
 The poet crowns them with unfading bays.
 The only relic of that field of strife,
 Where hostile armies met for death or life,
 Is but a tomb, a mound piled high, to show
 That great was he whose ashes rest below.—
 When Asia's tyrant led his locust train,
 To Salamis, and wide Plataea's plain,
 When raised by flattery to the throne of God,
 His arrogance assumed th' Almighty nod :
 E'en Nature's laws were summon'd to obey,
 Mountains he levelled, and enchained the sea ;—
 Presumptuous king! though yonder mound you
 spurn,
 Eternal laurels crown its trophied urn :
 That urn contained a heart, to which thy sway
 Were like a taper in the solar ray ;
 Great, generous, burning with the love of fame,
 Despising life, and fearing only shame ;
 Not leading myriads freemen to enchain,
 But anxious to avenge his honour's stain ;
 Curbing his passions, when the fated hour
 Of destiny was just within his power :

That heart alone, in valour's scale were worth
 The countless slaves thy pride had marshalled
 forth.

Vain-glorious Xerxes passed, nor deemed that
 tomb,

With verdant chaplets should for ever bloom ;
 While all his thousands, by the Greeks oppressed,
 Might lie unsung, untrophied, and unblessed.

Yes, the poetic laurel prospers well
 Where the united chieftains' ashes dwell !
 Dwell, did I say ? perchance the eddying blast
 Their scattered relics over ocean cast ;
 Haply when Macedonia's hero shed
 His generous sorrow o'er the mighty dead,
 Some sacrilegious hand had borne away
 The silver urn, that held their mingling clay,
 To the blue deep, or reckless gale consigned,
 The kindred dust by mutual love confined.—
 Yet not for this th' illustrious shades may know
 Diminished amity or heavier woe :
 Dread Styx once crossed, upon its further shore
 The cares, fears, hopes of life are surely o'er :

At least the classic faith, by time o'erthrown,
A purer creed has happier maxims shown :—
Men and their ashes vanish ; but the lay
Survives and flourishes amidst decay.

And we, selecting flowers of mournful hue,
From all that in th' Homeric garden grew,
With trembling flight, not unambitious wing,
To friendship's shrine our fond memorial bring.

END OF CANTO III.

" Heaven give me back the purple Trojan plain,
 When wounded by the Phrygian's spear, I stood
 Heaping around a monument of slain,
 While life's warm current issued like a flood !
 Nor let the might of Telamon be there,
 To guard a life no longer made thy care !

" Yes, give me to that envied field again,
 And o'er me rear the warrior's grass-clad
 tomb ;
 Since love, and toil, and victory are vain,
 I covet much my brave companions' doom :
 Where great Peleides sleeps, to rest I long,
 Hero of Greece, chief theme of future song.

" To him Ulysses showed the paths of fame ;
 This hoary wanderer, this man of woe,
 Fanned his young love of glory to a flame,
 Which burned an empire, ere it ceased to glow ;
 And could I have foreseen this cruel day,
 I too had perished in that sanguined fray.

" In prime of youth, in beauty's amplest bloom,
 A demi-god, almost a Mars he fell ;
 He won the prize of fame, an early tomb ;
 And loftiest poets shall his glory tell !
 Him led I forth from womanhood to fight ;
 O might I join him in the realms of night !

" Obdurate queen, unmoved as Parian rock,
 Cold as the icy snows that ceaseless crown
 Gargarian summits, firm as at the shock
 Of armies, once the towers of Troy o'erthrown ;
 These my sage counsel taught to yield at length,
 But thou art fixed in adamant strength.

" Have I unnumbered woes endured for this,
 Deriding peril in each hideous form,
 And deemed them all repaid by one true kiss ?
 While raged the combat, or when roll'd the
 storm,
 I dwelt in fancy on thy bridal charms,
 And toiling, fighting, melted in thine arms !

“ For this cerulean Scylla I defied,
 Whom never mortal braved in fight before ;
 For this to Pluto’s shadowy realm I hied,
 And sought the blood-stained Lestrygonian
 shore ;
 I shunned for this, th’ enchanting Syren’s lay,
 Whose dulcet strain beguiled my trackless way.

“ And lured to fate—a happier fate than now—
 To find my warm affection cherished long,
 Thus proudly spurned, Tritonian maid allow
 Mine ears th’ enjoyment of that magic song !
 That praise, like incense, from each silver lyre
 May brighten glory’s flame as I expire.

“ For this in Cyclops’ den, with purpose brave,
 Concealed I saw him drunk with human blood ;
 Tremendous lawless tyrant of his cave,
 His staff a pine, his beverage was the flood :
 Him I subdued by craft to valour joined,
 Such is the force of a superior mind !

"O! patron Hermes! when to Circe's bower
 My hapless footstep strayed, why did thy care
 Provide the sacred moly, in that hour
 Of peril, to defend me from her snare?
 It were less grief, transformed to bestial kind,
 To know the pleasures dogs and lions find,

"Than to be thus forgotten: better far
 Were it to suffer Neptune's utmost ire
 For orbless Polypheme, than thus to war
 With thoughts, that set my jealous soul on
 fire:
 Daughter of Cadmus, in untimely hour
 Thy girdle gave me life-preserving power!

"Calypso take me to thine arms again!
 To thee I measure back the liquid way!
 Fool that I was, to scorn thy joyous reign,
 For mortal beauty verging towards decay,
 When thou didst fondly promise to bestow
 Eternity, exempt from pain and woe!

“ This night for me alone the couch prepare,
 To rest me from the reeking combat’s toil,
 Since my proud consort will not deign to share ;
 With dawning light I quit my native soil
 For aye, and seek Calypso’s bower once more ;
 Perchance the nymph my anguish may deplore !

“ There, crowned with roses, steeped in odorous
 joy,
 I’ll quaff the proffered cup of mutual love ;
 Nor shall old age, or human cares annoy,
 Or fleeting glory more my bosom move :
 I’ll draw oblivion’s curtain o’er my view,
 Forgetting that Penelope I knew !

“ Fool that I was to quit those dear delights,
 For barren Ithaca’s unfruitful sway,
 To fly enchanting days and joyous nights
 For her, who coldly can my toils repay !
 Haste Euryclea, haste, prepare a bed !
 And let it only for thy lord be spread !

"The goddess often to my reckless ears,
 Portrayed my fortunes with prophetic voice ;
 Oftener she chided with becoming tears,
 The strange perverseness of my erring choice ;
 And marvelled still that her celestial charms,
 Could not detain me in her willing arms.

" ' Dar'st thou, proud chief,' the nymph incensed
 would say,
 ' Dar'st thou with me Penelope compare !
 Know'st thou that I, for ever fair and gay,
 Shall boast the ringlets of my golden hair,
 When thy Penelope, infirm and old,
 Must lose the semblance of her youthful mould ?'

" My folly I confess, and will repair,
 If bright Calypso can th' offence forgive,
 Again o'er dangerous seas, I'll seek the fair,
 To claim her promise, and immortal live ;
 I'll live unmindful of thy transient love,
 Envyng not men below, nor gods above !"

Enough ! conviction on her memory came ;
For jealousy can best awake the mind ;
Dismissing doubt, she knew her spouse the same :
O pique the fair, if ye would prove them kind !
Woman enjoying scarcely deigns to bless,
But sues whene'er she ceases to possess.

THE LOUVRE,

In August, 1814.

“ ——— Parii lapides, Spirantia signa.”

VIRGIL.

TROPHIES of war, torn from your native climes,
Gods, heroes, demi-gods of olden times,
Although eventful centuries have past
On silent wing, since ye were worshipped last;
Yet as you stand in solemn pomp arrayed,
Methinks I view your fanes again displayed
See prostrate crowds encircle every shrine,
And votive gifts in each famed temple shine.
Here genius triumphs ! he alone could give
The power to marble thus to breathe and live ;

Immortal genius binds each pallid brow,
 And for his sake, your forms are honoured now ;—
 Yet here indignantly you seem to stand,
 A glorious, but an exiled, captive band ;
 The Gallic robber seized you for his prey,
 And bore reluctant from your fanes away,
 To vex you with the busy hum of men,
 Who marvel how ye came, and whence, and
 when ;

Misname high titles to a world once dear,
 Or eye you with the critic's chilling sneer ;
 Vain of your presence, vainer of the prize,
 Lutetia bids her gilded domes arise,
 With arcs triumphant, apes Cæsarian power,
 The evanescent glory of an hour.—
 I weep, that banished from Italia's plain,
 England may not your splendid forms contain :
 The land of freedom were the seat for you,
 There might ye Grecian elegance renew !
 Then British chiefs and British fair might live,
 Long as the chisel and the rock could give,
 And Wellington, like Mars, in mimic ire,
 Frown, as when Spain beheld the Frank retire.

Olympus, captured by th' insulting Gaul,
Forsakes its temples for a crowded hall.

Grouped or in rows, a thousand chiefs are
here ;

A thousand gods and demi-gods appear.
Hail Cytherea first ! bright queen of smiles,
Who e'en in stone, th' unwary heart beguiles !
Such potent impulse every bosom warms,
Almost unconsciously, we woo thy charms ;
And moved to rapture, wish the stone were
earth

Made human by some strange mysterious birth ;
For like Pygmalion or the Roman knight,
We scarce can brook the illusory sight :
Why give her human life ? confessed she stands
Immortal, although framed by mortal hands ;
Such as when first from Ocean's lap she sprung,
And joyous nature a glad pæan sung,
Ere yet polluted love's unholy fire,
Usurped her name, to dignify desire :
Her modest gestures eloquently blame
The marble, blushing not with virgin shame.

Yet speaks that marble feeling to the life
 With grace, love, beauty, sweetness, wholly rife.
 Eros and Himeros of eldest birth,
 Co-extant with primeval forms of earth,
 Who saw the dawn of beauty's peerless charms,
 Attend her steps to aid her dire alarms.

Those circling ringlets, that voluptuous air ;
 Th' inebriate son of Semele declare,
 The thyrsus too, the vine, and copious bowl,
 Bespeak the gay unbender of the soul ;
 Triumphant love and elegance divine,
 And youth eternal in his features shine ;
 Thus looked he, when from Asia's strand he
 came

To find a votary in each Theban dame :
 When Pentheus, impious wretch, his power
 defied,
 And mother's hands in filial blood were died ;
 A form like this could Ariadne move,
 No longer to regret her mortal love.
 Young Luxury, in super-human shape,
 Expressed the dulcet poison of the grape.

As yet the tide of passions had not rolled
 Its desolation o'er an age of gold ;
 Passions which now to pleasure's soul impart
 Consuming pains, that rankle at the heart ;
 And in the wine-cup mix the seeds of strife,
 Like baneful drugs t'envenom joy and life.

That other Venus less august is seen,
 Though well you may confess her Paphos' queen,
 Lovely as when in amaranthine bowers,
 She twined her own Adonis' hair with flowers,
 Fresh from the bath, and breathing odorous
 joy,
 She comes to glad the enamoured shepherd-boy.

Th' Arlean Venus see, whose fatal charms
 Arrayed the Greek and Trojan world in arms ;
 Love, beauty, grace, and youth, adorn her
 mien,
 But this is not th' inimitable Queen.

Then Hermes view, Antinöus no more !
 The caduce to his willing grasp restore !

And purse of magic power,—renowned in arts,
 He tamed of savage men th' obdurate hearts,
 Refining manners, and enlarging mind,
 He taught, he polished, he adorned mankind.

The Gladiator, lo ! whose sinewy might
 Proclaims a form unvanquished in the fight ;
 His better arm intends no second blow,
 Uplifted to annihilate his foe :
 Such Eryx was, who knew with ponderous
 sway
 To give the gauntlet unresisted way !
 Such the Crotoniate Milo's iron frame ;
 Who dares to challenge, hazards life and
 fame.

See Priam's son in piteous case expire,
 Unhappy offspring of a wretched sire,
 Laocoon sage,—the artist's bold design
 Displays the Mantuan's soul in every line.
 Together in sad contrast seem to flow
 The parents' anguish, and the children's
 woe ;

The generous sons lament their father's state,
 The father mourns his offspring's cruel fate,
 And vainly strives, with a convulsive grasp,
 To loose the dragon-fiend's remorseless clasp.

The dying Gladiator's form behold !
 Whose firm regard speaks agony controlled ;
 Although life's current stain his prostrate side,
 His features burn with an indignant pride :
 Sedate he sinks ; but in his warrior frown,
 Subdueless dwells the passion of renown ;
 There lives a resolution, stern and dire,
 That to avenge, would joyfully expire ;
 Would give the life of ages for a blow,
 For a faint quittance with his mortal foe.
 No coward fears th' heroic mind disgrace,
 Although some tender feeling we may trace,
 Some reminiscences above control,
 Long past, and now recurring to the soul,
 Of love, joy, friendship, 'tis a dubious light,
 Transient as Phœbe's on a cloudy night :
 Conflicting hatred, pride, and vengeance shed
 Their darkness, though in beauty, round his head.

His hand is on his sword, but cannot wield ;
 And only death can part him from his
 shield.

Resolved in purpose, and of soul secure,
 The pangs of ebbing life he can endure ;
 His failing arm, his own or country's right,
 In flame his wrath and urge him to the fight :
 But Atropos curtails his fleeting breath,
 And the proud spirit must succumb at length,
 Bowed to necessity, that stubborn mind
 In death, a renovating power would find ;
 Deeming unworthy of its high desire
 A frame that seconds not the champion's ire,
 It lingers restless, with enfeebled clay
 To burst, at last, indignantly away.

Now leads the muse where glorious Pæan
 stands,

A marble triumph of forgotten hands ;
 Children of genius, such your wayward fate,
 Ye toil for fame, your works alone are great !
 From his far-darting bow, an arrow sped
 Unerringly, hath stretched the Python dead.

Sternly he frowns, yet an effulgent grace
 And warm benevolence illumine his face ;
 His radiant limbs just ceasing from their toil,
 The left arm's energy, the right's recoil,
 That mien immortal, and those tresses fair,
 Rich in luxuriance of clustering hair,
 That proudly on the awful forehead grows,
 And down the shaded neck in beauty flows,
 Proclaim a lord of art, whose sapient hand
 For chisel wielded a magician's wand.
 That step, though firm, is light ; eternal youth
 Pervades his frame, with nobleness and truth ;
 Unrivalled graces in that form appear,
 And, although viewless, the bright nine are near.—
 Delos no more is thine, nor Delphi's steep :
 The muses over haunts deserted weep,
 On loved Parnassus' summit ling'ring still ;
 Or join their sorrows to Castalia's rill ;
 But while thou livest thus in speaking stone,
 Thy former glories are not wholly gone :
 The soul that in dull marble breathed such
 fire,
 Had caught the tones of thy harmonious lyre,

Had caused thy unpolluted flame to shine,
And bowed adoring at thy Delian shrine.
Thy yellow olive still in faithful pride,
Attends an exiled wanderer at thy side;
And the fond snake entwines its hoary bough,
Emblem of life and health, neglected now.

ON A

STATUE OF PARIS,

HOLDING THE APPLE BEHIND HIM, PREVIOUSLY TO DECISION.

WELL hath the sculptor's hand expressed
Alternate pleasure, hope, and pain,
Conflicting in the Phrygian's breast,
Whom nymphs immortal strove to gain.

Genius of Homer, none but thou
Could warm that sculptor's kindred mind !
Nor less than Phidian art, I trow,
Th' ideal lineaments might find.

Ill-omened boy! The Fates decreed
Ruin to Troy's Neptunian wall;
Doomed Priam and his sons to bleed,
His daughters to be Grecia's thrall.

Therefore, commissioned, Juno came,
 Scarce Jove himself had more to give;
 She proffered honour, wealth, and fame,
 And bade thee for ambition live.

'Twas not enough; th' unripened chin
 Declares another godhead's sway.—
 Ambition's rule may not begin,
 'Till Love hath had his holiday.

The helm-crowned Pallas proudly sues;
 Wisdom solicits beauty's fame;
 Her charms the youth, half yielding, views,
 And owns a momentary flame.

What notes of melody draw near?
 What beauty other charms above,
 Dispelling doubt, remorse, and fear,
 And every influence but love?

Cythera's radiant queen is there,
 Lovely, as when in amaranth-bowers
 She wreaths her own Adonis' hair,
 And crowns it with immortal flowers.

“ I give not empire, wealth, or fame, ’
 She chanted ; “ yet I give thee more
 Than fortune’s minion e’er may claim,
 Or mad ambition triumph o’er.

“ I give thee Helen’s peerless charms,
 For whom Herculean Theseus sighed ;
 For whom a world might die in arms—
 My loved one, she shall be thy bride !”

Thrice hapless youth ! was ’t not enow
 Th’ incensed Spartan’s blade to feel ?
 Who dares t’ invade stern Hymen’s vow
 Should wear a bosom ribbed with steel.

Sufficed it not that Priam’s towers,
 The heaven-built city, shared thy fate ?
 Alas, the poet’s, sculptor’s powers,
 Thy splendid guilt illuminate !

Oblivion cannot shield thy crime ;
 Although three thousand years are fled :—
 Homer defies the hand of Time,
 And still thy form survives the dead.

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